

THE ECLECTIC.

I.

LACROIX OF CALCUTTA.*

THIS is a volume altogether above criticism ; it is simply what it purports to be—it is the biography of a noble-hearted missionary. It is not needlessly beaten out—there is no appearance of book-making. The affectionate admiration of the biographer is apparent, but it has not led him into any excesses. As a narrative it is charmingly interesting. We have met with no chronicle of Indian missionary life in which the reader is so immediately set in the midst of the work and the workers. It has much of the vivid interest of the traveller's story, while it has all the higher interest of the missionary's zeal. A volume like this alone furnishes an admirable reply to the mendacious books on missions to which our readers will find some lengthy references in subsequent pages of our present number. The memorials of the author's beloved wife are in perfect unity with the intention of the book. They assist the reader, indeed, to form some impression of the missionary and his family. Mrs. Mullens had much of her father's soul ; cultivated and trained beneath many of the lights of our time. To human eyes it is sad to see so sweet and noble a creature smitten down so young. She adds another to the names of those glorious women who have attempted and achieved work which men cannot well perform ; in the prime of life, in the midst of her usefulness, taken away from her sorrowing husband, her friends, her family, and her work. We could gladly have seen another sheet or two added to the volume, to commemorate

* *Brief Memorials of the Rev. Alphonse François Lacroix, Missionary of the London Missionary Society in Calcutta.* By his Son-in-law, Joseph Mullens, D.D. With Brief Memorials of Mrs. Mullens. By her Sister. James Nisbet & Co.

the story of her indefatigable toils for her sex amidst the dark families of Calcutta.

Alphonse Lacroix was born in the beautiful Canton of Neuchâtel, in Switzerland, in the little village of Ligni res, the 10th of May, 1799. Among the tall stone cottages of the French Swiss, on the lofty Jura chain, within sight of vast rich forests and the snow crowns of the Alpine heights, he first saw the light, who was to spend his days in a region, alike in moral character, and in scenery how different ! The lad was robust and healthy, his mind accustomed to thoughts and ideas of daring, his body inured to adventure. He was born, and his early days were passed amidst the rumours of wars, and his mind and heart always retained something of the old military glow of those first years—the times of the first Napoleon. The young Lacroix had a large sympathy with the cause of the Emperor. Berthier was Prince of Neuchâtel, and many of its people served in the armies of Napoleon. The missionary in Calcutta never forgot upon one occasion seeing an old general of eighty years of age reviewing a body of troops with all the fire and energy of youth, and he often told his children the story of the Comte d'Auvergne, who was so distinguished by ability and valour, that after his death his name was retained at the head of his regiment, and every evening when the roll was called, and his name came first, a comrade would reply, *Mort sur le champ de bataille*. 'Dead on the field of battle.' Ah ! he would add, as the Conservatism of age deepened the colourings of an imagination profoundly impressed, 'the soldiers of that day were MEN.' Such anecdotes and instances, and such a state of feeling in the country around him, led him to determine to enlist in the army ; he determined to seek the head-quarters of the Swiss recruit dep ts, thirty miles away ; he shouldered his knapsack for Berne ; he resisted the earnest entreaties of his uncle, with whom he had passed his early years, and who desired that he should study for the ministry ; he resisted the still more earnest entreaties of his mother, that he would abandon his dangerous scheme ; he went upon his way, but as the young enthusiast crossed the ravine of the Aar, and beheld the lofty terraces of Berne and the massive towers of its minsters, a voice rang through his heart, 'What doest thou here ? Return.' He paused ; he listened to the impulse ; he returned ; flinging himself into his uncle's arms, he exclaimed, 'Ah, dear uncle, you have been praying for me I know : you have been calling me back, and here I am.' He was then just fifteen. The memory of a circumstance like this would often come to strengthen those convictions he had of our nearness to the kingdom of spirits ; he read in those years with great interest some of the works of Jung Stilling, and his religious cop-

victions were awakened and enlightened. Thus he was led by the Spirit of God, and soon after engaging as a tutor, he left the magnificent region of his birth, the mountains, woods, vineyards, lakes and plains, and vivacious people of Northern Switzerland, to reside in Amsterdam, among the swamps, canals, and sober people of Holland. His native home he saw no more for twenty-five years. When about twenty years of age he entered the Missionary College, at Berkel, about five miles from Rotterdam. The following year he was ordained as a missionary and minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, to proceed to the field of labour in India. He landed in London on the 2nd of September, 1820, on his route. In that vast city were two persons to be interestingly related to each other—the young missionary, his soul astir with wonder, enthusiasm and thought, and Joseph Mullens, that very day born into life—after many years to be the missionary's biographer, and the husband of his daughter, his contemporary and successor in the field of missionary work.

Mr. Lacroix arrived in Chinsurah, a small Dutch town upon the banks of the Hooghly, at a time when the old system of exclusiveness was being broken through. The voice of the English people was beginning to make itself heard in Indian affairs. The press was fettered still, and could not object to a clergyman holding the appointment of Comptroller of stationery, wax, red tape, and wafers, without being severely punished. We still talk of Indian misrule; but comparing the things of to-day with those of forty years since, it is hard to realise the position of those whose ideas and actions had more of righteousness than their neighbours, or than the majority of their nation. The little town to which our missionary went, contained about 100 Dutch houses, small, quaint buildings, flat-roofed, consisting of one story, painted yellow, detached but crowded together. The floors on a level with the ground, were, in numerous cases, saturated with water six months out of every twelve; two or three better houses and the church, whose tower was originally built to bear the settlement clock, and received the part added for worship twenty-five years after; the burial-ground with tall triangular pillars, and monuments of curious forms and strange inscriptions, marking the graves where for two centuries the settlers had successively been laid. This was the Dutch portion of the town; but there was a native portion, consisting of three or four bazaars and streets, and an active, thriving population. It must have been a singular region. The Dutch inhabitants had been reduced in number; little true religion prevailed; there was much immorality and much infidelity; there was also much of something higher and better. There had been some whose piety had burnt brightly in the little settlement, and

the manners of the people were quaint and sociable. No newspaper was published, few books were attainable, and fewer still read; the gentlemen walked to church in white jackets and nan-keen trousers, under umbrellas the shade of which was of much more use to the servant than to the master; and in the evenings, after any little social gathering, the same servants were seen escorting the parties home with lanterns: such was the *ancien regime* in Chinsurah forty years since. Mr. Lacroix was heartily welcomed by the families of the town, about thirty miles from Calcutta. At that time, Henry Townley was a missionary there, and to him the young missionary especially attached himself, and followed his advice and received his help in the prosecution of his missionary studies. Mastering the language, he began to preach. He soon became familiar with some of the horrors of Hindu society; those were the days of the Suttee. He went with Mr. Townley, when on one occasion he prayed and attempted to speak amidst the assembled multitude gathered to witness the awful sight; and the banks of the river often illustrated the cruel disregard of human life in the land where the life-destroyer receives idolatrous worship. Some years after his settlement at Chinsurah he married into the family of Mr. Gregory Herklots, a Dutch civilian of eminence, who for many years had been the mayor or fiscal of the town. He and his family were Christians, and exhibited a holy, devout, and consistent life, walking as lights in the midst of a perverse people. Marriage brought its trials, too. He lost his second child—a little Alphonse. A strong and commanding man, he illustrated in the depth of his grief how much the loss of the little Joseph or Benjamin of an hour may shake and shock the soul many years after. In a period of great weakness and suffering, he wept, and it was remarked that he had not been known to shed a tear ‘since little Alphonse died.’

In 1827, he united himself to the London Missionary Society, with which he had been virtually connected since his arrival, uniting with its missionaries, visiting the same families, preaching on the Sabbath in the same English church. The Directors of the Netherlands Society approved his choice, and gave him a small pension in token of their good-will, to aid his work, continuing it until he died. He remained in Chinsurah till 1829. It was a kind of school for future labour. His peculiar mission was revealed in another sphere.

The truth as it is in Jesus had taken root in the neighbourhood of Calcutta when Mr. Lacroix came to preach and to itinerate in the neighbourhood. He laboured with Mr. Piffard and Mr. Gogerly in the interesting villages of Gungrai and Ramma Kulchoke, in that district. A Hindu had turned with his whole family,

a very large one and of some influence, from Hinduism; he had torn up the sacred *tulsi*-tree, had broken all his family gods, and put away every vestige of the ancient faith from among his kindred. He steadfastly continued in a consistent Christian life, and died rejoicing in the hope and faith of the Gospel; and there were some like him who believed. But the villages were surrounded by long reaches of water. He who had been born, and had spent his early years clambering over the limestone rocks of the Jura, and through its dark woods; who had often gazed enraptured upon the lines of snowy peaks, now found himself on a level plain, moving amidst creeks swarming with fish, in his light canoe—moving from village to village; little islands forming rich masses of green of varied hue in the watery waste, amidst the thousands of the tall, lythe cocoanuts, or through the profusion of wild water-plants, rich in flowers. Through scenes like these he pursued his mission; his canoe, as it passed along, disturbing ‘flocks of teal, rising on whirring wing from the reedy swamp, or from the light rice stalk, bending gracefully to the breeze, and thrilling the ear with the liquid music that its gentle waving pours upon the air.’ Amidst those islands, or islets, the missionary found scenes enabling him to realise the New Testament pictures of Christian Churches in the apostolic age; but the beauty speaks much more to the eye through some piece of wood painting. It was not always really bright: there were hurricanes and famines, not to mention the more trifling perils encountered from the neighbourhood of creatures not usually regarded as the most pleasant and companionable.

‘In the small stream which passes Kaorapukkur, and in which his boat journey commenced, there are hundreds of small creatures exactly like a seal, about two inches long. He often watched them as he passed, and would point them out to any visitor as animals that he had never seen described in any book of natural history. In the creeks he often came upon large water-snakes, which are comparatively harmless; and at times, in the hot weather, walking across the dry fields, he would meet in his path large cobras, lying in the sun. With boots on his feet, and a stick in his hand, he had no fear of them. On two occasions, when he was spending the night in the chapel, snakes came into his room. Once he saw a long thin snake, chasing a rat among the rafters above his head. In the other case, a snake was crawling along the floor and approaching the table; he put his arm out of the mosquito-curtains, and seized his boot to throw at the visitor; but just at that moment the light went out, and he was compelled to leave him alone. Not being at all nervous, he tucked the curtains in carefully, and fearlessly fell asleep.’

And the following is a very exciting and graphic scene:—

‘Immediately after the hurricane, Mr. Lacroix and Mr. Gogerly

met with a singular adventure, on a visit to the station of Krishnapore. The heavy floods had driven large numbers of wild animals from the Sunderbon forests, and some of them made their appearance within the bounds of civilization in the most strange ways. While the missionaries were in the village, a native went into the school-room at early dawn, in search of some article, and when thinking to seize it in the dark, laid his hands upon some soft, slimy substance, that began to move. He jumped back, crying out that some deadly creature had got into the school, and summoned everybody to his help. Many came, bringing bamboos and hatchets: the animal was attacked, and apparently killed. It was found to be a young boa constrictor, about eighteen feet long. A rope being fastened to the body, it was drawn out and left on the ground. While the missionaries were at breakfast, suddenly a shout was heard, and the creature was seen making off. Mr. Lacroix at once seized the rope, the noose of which was still round the snake's body, and endeavoured to slip it onward so as to catch in a deep cut that had been made in the skin; on which the enraged reptile, maddened with pain, darted at him, gnashing its jaws in a most frightful manner. He dodged rapidly away, keeping hold of the rope: another noose was thrown over its head, and the creature was soon put to death. The skin was sent to England, and for many years has occupied a conspicuous place in the Society's Missionary Museum.'

While we are referring to these characteristic incidents of our author's life, and of missionary adventure in those regions, we may refer to the interesting anecdotes illustrative of natural history which charm the pages of the book. Mr. Lacroix was fond of natural history, and treasured—as who does not?—instances and facts connected with the modes of life of animals, great and small, snakes and monkeys, and alligators. The following is interesting, of the

BROKEN CHARM.

'While sitting in his study, he was attracted by a strange cry from a sparrow, accompanied with a loud fluttering of wings in the garden beneath his window. Looking cautiously out, he saw the sparrow fluttering backward and forward over a particular spot, and uttering the shrillest cries of distress. Turning his attention to the ground, he saw a snake lying in the drain close to the house, moving its head slightly, and looking intently at the sparrow. The bird was evidently fascinated by the snake's eye, was quite unable to free itself, and as it fluttered about, slowly drew nearer and nearer to its dreadful enemy. Before the crisis came, he went into the garden, broke the spell of the intended victim, and drove it away from the place.'

What do our readers think of a tame young elephant trotting about a house? We do not doubt the amiability of the creature

but we confess to being a little amazed at such a domestic pet. But here is the anecdote, which we will venture to call the

ELEPHANT'S REVENGE.

'In later years he often told his children the following story, which he had heard shortly after the incident occurred, from Mr. Herklots at Chinsurah, who was an eye-witness to the occurrence. At Ghzyretty, the country house of the governor of the neighbouring French settlement of Chandernagore, there was a little elephant, exceedingly tame, and treated as a pet. It was allowed to roam all over the house, and was accustomed to come into the dining-room after dinner, to seek contributions from the guests. One day, when a large party were seated at dessert, the elephant came round, and, putting his little trunk between the guests, asked from them gifts of fruit. One gentleman refused to give anything, and as the animal would not leave him, at length, greatly annoyed, he took his fork and gave the elephant a smart stab in the trunk with the prongs. The animal went off and finished his rounds; but shortly after, it went into the garden, tore off the bough of a tree which was swarming with large black ants, returned to the room and shook the bough smartly over the gentleman's head. In a moment he was covered with the ants, which bite severely. They filled his hair, crept down his neck, crawled up his sleeves. He brushed some off, stamped, swore, and did his best to get rid of the plague; but he could not manage it, and was obliged to undress and get into a bath to free himself from his tormentors, while the remainder of the guests laughed at the occurrence, and petted the elephant more fondly than before.'

Sometimes the missionary was in perils from robbers; sometimes in peril from the wild creatures of the jungle and the wilderness. The battles of the tiger and the alligator have, we believe, been described before; but here is Mr. Lacroix's experience:—

'On one occasion passing the dense forests called the Sonderbuns, which grow to the water's edge, while their boat was anchored in the early morning waiting for the tide, they witnessed a terrific fight between a huge tiger and an alligator. The tiger had seen the alligator sleeping on the bank, and creeping down in the most stealthy manner, suddenly sprang upon the reptile's back and seized his neck in his huge jaws. The alligator was mad with rage, and lashed his powerful tail, striving in vain to give the tiger a severe blow. Suddenly the fight ceased, the alligator lay as if dead; the tiger let go his hold, and began playing with his victim like a huge cat: finally he carried him away into the jungle. In about half an hour, however, the alligator was seen slowly crawling down to the water, looking in fear behind him; but he made good his retreat to the river and for the time escaped.'

These incidents will show to our readers how interesting and pleasant a narrative Dr. Mullens has told with yet more interest;

for the interest is not of a half ludicrous curiosity when he tells the story of his honoured father's toils, especially his preaching missions in the great Hindu suburb of Bhowanipore, in the neighbourhood of Calcutta, and indeed, he must have been an admirable preacher in the vernacular language: he had a commanding presence, and a powerful voice, he also had a clear, correct pronunciation of Bengali, and a most attractive style. French of course was his native language; he preached in English well, but in Bengali far better; that language is said to be eminently fitted for narrative. The race to which he addressed himself was unaccustomed to sustained discourse, and he broke his addresses with admirable pieces of common sense comment, impressive applications of truth with illustrations from history and Hindu legend; and a servant once told his mistress that 'whenever Mr. Lacroix preached every Bengali's heart trembled;' in fact he is spoken of as the most eloquent preacher of Bengali that the country contained. The Hindus are in the habit of listening to great and powerful preachers; their professional orators recite their tales from their Hindu books, but the missionary 'spoke as one having authority, and not as the Scribes,' very different to the comfortable ideas we have of worship in connection with preaching the Truth. In the towns the missionary preached in bazaar chapels. This book will enable the reader with a very slight exercise of the imagination, to look into such places, and to see the man of God at his work in a very unchapel or unchurch-like looking place; a large building with tiled floor, and brick pillars bearing up the roof; no windows, neither glass nor frames, whether for window or door; the doors, large frames of bamboo and mat fitted to the openings between the pillars, and can be entirely removed, leaving two sides of the place entirely open; a small railed platform a foot high, with a book-board in front, some benches for the accommodation of hearers, and altogether the place presenting some such aspect as a respectable ragged school; perhaps, from such a description as this, it will seem that there is little in the spectacle of such a place to awaken in the Hindu's mind the thought of reverence and religion. At sunset the streets are full of people, then the missionary goes to gather a native congregation; they pass along the great thoroughfares an endless stream, artisans, clerks, coolies—the chapel is lighted with numerous lanterns, the missionary arrives alone, or with a younger colleague, or native teacher; no audience waits his arrival, there is no one in the place. The junior begins to read some narrative from the New Testament; then, when a few have gathered in the building, the preacher stands up, he announces no text, but, selecting a story from the Word of God, he loiters over every particular of it, and then expounds, illustrates by stories and

incidents, argues, explains, enforces. Sometimes interruptions take place; the congregation will change many times during the hour of the service, and the missionary will adroitly repeat himself, varying the manner and the method, but adroitly dwelling on the main incident or lesson to be enforced. Such was Mr. Lacroix's method in the towns, especially in Calcutta; but if he had followed the same course of similitude, he must have been a popular preacher in any language. Dr. Mullens gives to us several illustrations, which enable us to perceive the method by which he taught the great truths of the Gospel, and sustained an interest in the minds of his hearers; we select some two or three.

THE LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR.

'You see the long iron rod fixed against the corner of that gentleman's house, its use is this: When lightning falls near the house, instead of striking upon the roof and injuring it, the iron draws the lightning to itself, which runs harmlessly down it and the house is saved. So, when a man believes in Christ, and puts himself under Christ's protection, the anger of God against sin, which he deserves to suffer, is drawn by Christ upon Himself; He bears it in our stead, and the man who believes is saved.'

SLIGHTED CONVICTIONS.

'Describing the sinner, who being often reprov'd, has hardened his neck, he would point to the blacksmith's smithy, and say: "Look at the blacksmith's dog; when he first went to the place, he would jump and howl whenever the blazing sparks flew about; now he is used to them and sleeps on. So do God's judgments and His strong reproofs at first prick the conscience of the wicked man; but as he hardens himself against them, they cease to affect him.'"

THE WASHING OF REGENERATION.

'Speaking against the efficacy of bathing in the Ganges as a purification from sin, he would use this simple argument: Supposing a washerman puts a number of soiled clothes in a box, and then carrying it to the river side, carefully cleans the outside of the box; will that process wash the clothes? So though a man's bathing in the Ganges may indeed cleanse the body, can it have any effect in purifying the soul?'

Sometimes he had strange communications made to him. Once he had one which, for the splendour of the secret conveyed, deserves to rank with the sublime mudfogisms of Hegel and Oken.

'About the year 1847, after preaching in our chapel in the Chitpore Road, an aged Brahmin who had been one of his hearers, came to his house and said:—"Sir, perceiving that you are a theologian, I wish, in private, to reveal to you a discovery I have made in regard

to that much-disputed point, the essence of God; but should you publish it to the world, I expect you will not take the credit of the discovery to yourself, but ascribe it to me." Mr. Lacroix promised faithfully to attend to his wishes, and was all ear to learn this wonderful revelation of the Hindu doctor; upon which he expressed himself to the following effect:—"It is admitted by every intelligent man, that God is the origin and source of all that exists. It is also admitted, that light was the very first thing created. *That, therefore, which existed before light, must needs be the origin of all things: in other words, must needs be GOD. Darkness being that pre-existent thing, God, of course, is darkness.*" This, then, was the mighty discovery which this Hindu sage, by dint of reasoning, had made; that "God is darkness!" How opposed to the beautiful revelation which God has made of Himself in 1 John i. 5: "*This then is the message which we have heard of Him, and declare unto you, that God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.*" Truly, as the apostle Paul says: "The world by wisdom knew not God."

His preaching seems also to have included attainment sufficient to enable him in his own clear and manly style to grapple with the foolish metaphysics of Hinduism. In fact he seems to have been a most able and accomplished exponent of revealed truth; and we, who fancy we have to meet men's consciences by a very different method might study the science of preaching from the lips of the missionary of Bhowanipore to our advantage.

In 1842, Mr. Lacroix visited Europe; it was to him a sweet season of rest and recruitment, but the rest was only in the entrance upon a new field of labour. While in England, he formed an intimacy with Dr. Morrison (Chelsea), and with Robert Moffat—he met old friends like Henry Townley again. His voice was heard several times in Exeter Hall, but his most glorious work was amongst his native cantons in Switzerland; which, singular as it may seem, previous to the period of his visit in 1842, knew but little of missions. Accordingly, after he had visited the dear and hallowed scenes of Lignières and Neuchatel, he visited Basle, preaching there in German and in French. He also visited Jourdan and Lausanne, and Geneva, and gave there a course of lectures on missions. These lectures created an intense sensation; it was arranged that they should be delivered in rooms capable of occupying 200 persons; but on the occasion of the first lecture, these rooms were found quite insufficient to accommodate the company. A music-hall, called the Casino, was lighted up; it was the most fashionable room in Geneva; 400 persons were present the first lecture; the second, about 800; the third about 1,000, the principal ministers of Geneva and its neighbourhood; so the fourth and fifth lectures were crammed, screens and curtains removed, lobbies and staircases crowded. Such lectures had never been delivered in Geneva. The

closing lecture was delivered in the church of the Madeline, filled often of old to listen to Farel's burning words, and no such audience had been seen in it since the days of Farel. The platform was thronged by the ministers of the region; it was a time long to be remembered, it was a triumph for the missionary spirit of Protestantism, and the effect of the lectures is well represented by the words of a lady now in heaven, who said to her friend, 'Now we must do something.' These lectures were repeated at Lausanne, at Neuchatel, at Brussels, and Paris, and London; of course, in London it could not be expected that they would produce the impression they produced in the cantons of Switzerland. His visit to Europe was most timely, and yielded valuable fruit.

We cannot follow the biography through all its most interesting pages. Mr. Lacroix returned to India and resumed his preaching among the villages, in the wastes of waters and rice plantations, and in the bazaar chapels in the cities. The book compels us alike to love and to admire the man. A truly graceful and beautiful sketch is that by Mrs. Mullens, of the home life of her father. Dr. Mullens will appreciate our notice of his volume none the less because we think we see sometimes the same gentle, but powerful hand, influencing some other pages of his biography, and she has, in her affectionate tribute to the memory of her parent, given to us an illustration of the refined and delicate sensibility of her own nature in its power of appreciation. No doubt, the sketch is in language partaking of filial warmth, and we not only do not like it, therefore, the less, but we do not, therefore, think it less likely to be true. He must have been a brave, beautiful, and noble man, for in true manhood the beautiful is quite compatible with the noble. In his reverence for woman Mr. Lacroix was beautiful. 'He had,' says Mrs. Mullens, 'the feeling of chivalry which would have made him, had he lived in the middle ages, a veritable knight, a true champion of the weak and the oppressed.' But the following incident is quite consistent with this chivalry; nay, is its compliment and accompaniment.

'He was preaching one evening in the chapel in Pontonia, in Calcutta, when, without any reason furnished by himself, a Hindu fanatic came quietly behind him, and, with a big stick, aiming a blow at his head, endeavoured to knock him down. Providentially at that moment he turned and the blow fell on his shoulder. The people jumped up in a moment and seized the man, calling aloud for the police. He stopped them, and then placing the man in the front of the crowd, without a particle of anger in his voice or manner, he thus addressed him: "You have endeavoured to do me a severe injury, and I might very justly complain against you and have you punished, but the religion I preach teaches me to forgive those who do me

harm ; for the sake of that religion, therefore, I forgive you, and will let you go away.”

The following extract will furnish the reader with a fine test of the admirable powers of Mrs. Mullens, in delineation of character, and our readers will not think the less of it because it is rather a spiritual description than a mental analysis :—

‘As a matter of course, his dealings with us children were marked with the same consideration and kindness. He had sympathy with a state of being which all must regard as immature, because he remembered that life is not made up of separate parts, but is one, is a progressive whole ; and thus he had a reverence for childhood, and treated a child as he would one of his grown friends, perhaps as something even more holy and beautiful. Oh, what a world of instincts, perceptions, experiences, and pleasures that were lying in my heart helplessly mute, it is true, but still God-implanted, might have been crushed out of that heart had my father been a harsh, austere man, despising my weak intellect, and not caring to hurt my feelings ; or thinking, as some seem to do, that a child’s feelings are all confined to the gratification of eye and palate. Well was it for me that the case was far different. The sweetnesses of love circled me in my early years. To these and to the teachings of my beloved father, to his example, and more than all, to a silent influence he was wont everywhere to exert, do I owe much of the development of after years ; for when we talk of leaving our childhood behind us, we might as well say that the river flowing onward to the sea had left the fountain behind.

‘For an eminently practical man as he was, my father’s character was strangely tinged with a romantic mysticism, which, whilst his children were young, showed itself in the histories he chose for their amusement, and the lessons he inculcated. He loved to tell them of personal adventures in his own life when God had marvellously interposed on his behalf. Once he had well-nigh been precipitated from a window, had not an invisible hand drawn him back. Once he had been saved from drowning in a most remarkable manner. Once he had fought with a boa-constrictor ; and at another had slept with snakes crawling about his room. Then again he had witnessed in broad daylight a terrible encounter in the jungles between a tiger and an alligator. There was not much personal danger at the time ; but it was an exciting story full of thrilling romance, in which we were made to sympathise, as well by his spirited description, as by a series of eight pencil sketches illustrative of the different stages of the fight, which he drew with his own hand, and sent to my mother from the scene of the adventure. He would tell us of the wonderful instincts of animals, and how they at times were instrumental in saving men from destruction ; of the sufferings of the primitive Christians, how very near God was to them in their afflictions ; and of the grand old myths of the ancient Greek mythology ;

so that from a very early age his children learned to believe that temporal things are strangely linked with those that are spiritually discerned, and these teachings prepared them in after-life to receive his speculations on the world to come (ever in accordance with Holy Writ) almost in the light of a revelation. Not but that he himself ever checked such a feeling, saying, "Those are *my* ideas merely; and though I believe I have the Spirit of God, yet I may be mistaken." It was this diffidence that prevented him speaking of these things, except to his most intimate friends: and yet in sketching his life, to omit a mention of his speculations, his beliefs, and his researches into the mystical, were to separate him from that atmosphere which went with him where he went, rested with him where he rested, and hovered over every thought and action of his life.

'He hardly looked upon heaven as wholly beyond this life, but in some part essentially in it, as the root of the flower is within the mould. He saw that the tiniest wheel in the loud whirring machinery of time is some way indispensable to the final consummation of the soul's destiny in heaven; and to him this faith was no mere cold intellectual creed, but something far more real. Not content with believing it in a general way, he used often to speculate on what would be the particular bearing in the next world, of any event, sad or joyous, that might befall him here. The most trivial circumstances were chords to render complete the eternal harmony which he was wont to say would constitute the happiness of heaven. Truly it was precious faith, for

"It linked all perplex'd meanings
Into one perfect peace."

It is a painful thing to think that the last days of the honoured missionary were vexed by new books fetched by the supporters of Hinduism, not only from England, but from the English Church. The celebrated volume of the Oxford Essays, was reprinted in Calcutta, and thus fed infidelity on the banks of the Ganges. One of the last more conspicuous acts of his life was to take part in the effort made to bring to an end the connection between the Government and the Idol Temple. The Papist sneers at the labours of the Protestant missionary; and it must be confessed that Protestant Governments and the English Government have many sins to answer for, as well as Rome: but we may safely ask Rome to point us to triumphs like those which are recorded in the abolition of the Suttee, the Liberty of Conscience Act, and the withdrawal of the relation of the Government support from the Idol Juggernaut; and for these, civilization is indebted to the missionaries. He was called away to rest. 'Blessed,' says Jung Stilling, 'blessed are they who have the home-longing; for assuredly they shall go home.' Suffering from ill-health, he was invited again to visit England, or Europe; really for rest, but he declined. He

sunk to sleep in perfect peace. When told his end was approaching, he calmly replied, '*So much the better.*' He gently murmured, 'All well;' 'No doubt, no fear;' 'Perfect peace;' 'Jesus is near;' and at last the silver cord was very gently loosened, and the noble spirit was free. This was July, 1859. At his funeral almost every missionary in the city was present, and the Bishop and Archdeacon Pratt were at their head; and Dr. Duff poured forth a few days after, one of his own brilliant orations in Union Chapel, delineating the faith and the labours of the glorified and happy dead.

We cannot spare any words, for the memorials of Mrs. Mullens is a most beautiful appendix to the volume. The reader must be made of stern stuff who can read the account of her death-bed without tears. Altogether this volume is a delightful accession to our missionary literature; there is not an uninteresting page; and now that missionary sermons are seldom preached, and missionary meetings are mostly failures when held, we trust this book will kindle flagging zeal in innumerable Christian families, through a thousand Christian book societies.

II.

THE LITERATURE OF THE SUPERNATURAL.*

IT is a very difficult task to talk or to write calmly and wisely about 'the things' which although 'not seen' are yet 'eternal.' It is easy to talk or write about them as a sceptic—to give free utterance to the interpretation of our outer senses, disregarding all attention to the inner voices, the subtler facts, and the more delicate cognitions of our deeper sense; and so, again, it is an easy matter to give a free wing to the fancy, and to treat with slight or scorn the logical bases of the understanding, surrendering the spirit to the fascinations of wonder and fear. But it is a difficult affair to talk of the supernatural in such a manner as to do no indignity to either the faith of the soul or the rectitude of the understanding. The age in which we live finds all topics discussed in it, not merely in the occult language of the schoolmen of old, but in a popular manner

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- * 1. *The Supernatural in Relation to the Natural.* By the Rev. James M'Cosh, LL.D. Macmillan & Co.
 - 2. *A Strange Story.* By Sir Bulwer Lytton. Two volumes. Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

suiting to the attainment and common sense of the multitude. And so the supernatural also, once in the keeping of monastic solitaries, now finds its way to every interest; and the age of all others most remarkable for the universality of its unbelief finds the greatest number of pens engaged in reducing supernatural facts to a formulary and a science, or in constructing apologies for the faith in 'things not seen as yet.' Certainly Christianity is involved in the defence of supernatural things—there are supernatural facts—and Christianity in its origin, history, and reception is one of them, or all its apostles, and ministers, and believers are 'found false witnesses.' Christianity is not a mere fact in the course of human development; it is this, but it is more than this; it is not what we call a force of nature pushing itself out. It is a power, a force, an energy coming down upon nature. It may and does work through the natural organism of humanity; but it is much more than this, or the whole system is a fable and a dream. We part company immediately with any who deny the supernatural basis of all Christian teaching. If there is any certainty in our interpretation of Christian truth and Scriptural revelation, this is certain—man is not the mere outbirth—there are powers higher than man which called him into being—there are powers deeper than man perpetually operating through him and upon him. He who does not believe in such facts as these can in no sense be considered a Christian.

The faith in things not seen is surely a very deep one. Words abundantly reveal this. We speak of the *supernatural*, of the *transcendental*, of the *metaphysical*; and the awe which compels man to shiver before unseen terrors, which thrills the spirit by the powers of invisible influences, is much more in harmony with the instincts of our being than the cold and sceptic daring which laughs to scorn the emotion, or the vision of the impalpable presence, or the mysterious 'unknown.' 'Our internal position and our inward feelings,' says Dr. McCosh, 'both impress us with the idea that the natural is encompassed all round by the supernatural, as the world is by the welkin.' The visible Cosmos is not the universal Pan, and 'its beauty is merely like the stream of stars in the waters of our earth, the reflection of the glory of a supra mundane region.' Nor does man ever reach a deep mood of being, but 'he feels his nearness to, and dependence upon, the supernatural.' All hallowed judgments must admire and reverence the reserve of the Bible; its holy and reverential reticence many modern writers might well imitate. There are visions, indeed, of worlds beyond the sublunary and terrestrial, overwhelming far beyond those of any poet or clairvoyant;

but the body and great wholeness of the book is devoted to the very practical affairs of earth. Man is, indeed, himself seen as supernatural; he is an object of interest to supernatural beings; he is able to ally himself with supernatural intelligence, for evil or for good. All this is distinctly taught; but there is nothing to pander to the prurient taste of the mere wonder-seeker. Our being here is our probation. We are hemmed in by actual laws and actual obligations. There is 'a woe' denounced against *'those who seek to be wizards, and to those who mutter and peep.'* There is a knowledge forbidden to the outer sense 'we know not now.' It is very clear such knowledge would be quite inconsistent with the purpose of our life; but the teaching is distinct enough as to the reality; and the character of unseen worlds, 'the evidence of things not seen,' comes through another eye than that of sense; yet not less certainly, nay, really far more so. And having settled for ourselves the great facts of the divine revelation of the Scriptures, we accept from them the descriptions of our relation to unseen powers and kingdoms; but nothing is more certain, if we accept Scriptural statements at all, than that we are so related, imminently and fearfully.

'Led captive of the devil at his will.' Whatever Scripture intends by that fearful description—one, all but imperial spirit, or a dreadful host, an unity of malevolent—of malevolent spiritual powers—it is fearful! A will, a terrible, compact, united evil, seeking to become, and actually in millions of cases becoming absolute over the mind of man! The like of this we see—we see not merely in the legends of electro-biologists—we see the powers of a strong will,—an intense will, and an intense will is usually a corrupt will—a mendacious will, an intense will is usually selfish—a self-aggrandizing will—sometimes the will of a Richelieu, at others the will of a Mirabeau: it is fascinating, it moves on and bears, almost without an effort, millions spell-bound with it. In some such evil and malevolent manner we are led to believe 'the prince of the power of the air' has dominion over the souls of men; he compels them to fold their feebly-fluttering wills or wings, in obedient vassalage to himself.

Is it possible that any person can treat these terrible truths as 'old wives' fables?' But do they not find some response within us? Can we look or listen long, and fail to perceive that there are two great continents over which our thoughts may freely range—the natural and the spiritual; nature is but the kingdom of the physical order—'a pebble lying chafing in the ocean-bed of its eternity.'* Cannot the pebble be acted on at

* Bushnell.

all from without? Cannot the ocean which includes it, touch it? Is it not so, that 'nature is only the kingdom of things,' while it is in the supernatural we are to look for 'the kingdom of powers?' These truths we are desirous of holding, and confessing very reverently. Not to perceive that which is above nature, is to miss altogether its intention and design. Sir Bulwer Lytton, in the Introductory Preface to his 'Strange Story,' has said, we think, with great truth, that 'to the highest form of romantic narrative, the epic supernatural machinery is indispensable.' His opinion has received the sneer of some of his critics; but he may certainly plead, in support of his assertion, the example of every illustrious epic and dramatic poet, and the highest forms of dramatic literature, like *Macbeth*, for instance, are epic with some modifications. And we sympathise still more with Sir Edward when he says, that 'without some gleams of the supernatural, man is not man, nor nature nature.' This is most happily and truly expressed. The priesthoods of the world, however, have uniformly degraded the spiritual world, and perhaps mainly through them, faith in invisible verities has fallen a prey to unbelief. How should it be otherwise, when the dreadful beings beyond time and space were made the machines dependent upon the conditions of material laws? It will not be possible for any ingenuous mind to read the work of Dr. McCosh, and not perceive—however sceptical the tone and turn of thought in the reader may be—what voices and what shadows come to the reverent and the attentive seer, from the world beyond ours. 'Howbeit, that was not first which was spiritual, but that which was natural; and afterward that which was spiritual.' Man in general stops in the tabernacle of the natural; yet what we mean by a simple faith is a faith that transcends second causes; this is faith indeed. The faith complex, foggy, stops short at second causes. Yet the engine marks its wondrous labour and travail, and confuses engine with engineers. This is the delusion of the educated natural mind, and it is a weary and painful delusion; for the banishment of the supernatural from the thought is for the thinker the banishment of real life from the world; the images of life and beauty become apparitions indeed. We move through our world as through a gallery of marble figures or painted canvasses; this is a poor enjoyment of nature; that is a poor fellowship which does not rise beyond. With death man desires not a knowledge of Divine law, but the fellowship and sympathy of Divine love. In a very eloquent and characteristic passage, Dr. McCosh says:—

'We cannot with any propriety say that mankind, in these latter days, are brought into closer contact with the natural; for in early

times most persons had to earn their sustenance by hunting wild beasts, or tending their herds, or tilling the ground; and in "this age of great cities" multitudes are very much removed from close intercourse with green fields and trees, with fowls and cattle. But to counterbalance this, the educated are now trained to look more intently on the scientific structure of nature; and the dwellers in the villas that girdle our great cities, and the summer saunterers by the sea-shore, and the autumnal rambles over our mountains, bring themselves to appreciate every varied aspect of sea and sky, of rock and mountain, and they talk of nature with a rapture which would have appeared affectation to our forefathers. This state of things has its temptations. That which was meant to be a veil to keep us from being blinded by the effulgence of the light—while it let the glory of God shine through—we have made a screen to conceal him, and we have gazed at the screen, and the figures upon it, and we have stayed there without looking on the living face beyond. The mere vulgar minds stop short, and satisfy themselves with the comforts, the wealth, the glitter of this world, cherishing meanwhile no love to the Giver, and feeling in no way their need of God himself, as better than all his gifts. Minds of a higher but not a holier spirit content themselves with inspecting the machinery; like children, they gaze at the chariot, its wheels, and its motions, but without looking above it to Him who rides on it so majestically to scatter blessings and administer justice. Others, more refined, are exposed to a different class of temptations; they are seduced by their highly cultivated tastes into the worship of foam-born beauty.

Such a volume as that of Dr. M'Cosh is most salutary and necessary, for, in fact, now-a-days, the old argument of Design as the great incontestable proof of Deity, is only an *à posteriori* argument. Once it availed, and was therefore final and sufficient; and upon a reverent and Christian mind it is now as forcible and convincing as ever, but there are many minds to whom much has to come before this can be available. The whole question of mind and mental action, physical and psychical conditions, are involved in this mighty mesh of laws. There is an origin of minds in the same way as there is an origin of species, and all in the way of natural development. Learned physicians, like Huxley, ponder deeply the ligament which triumphantly proves the relationship of man to the monkey or the gorilla. The work of Dr. M'Cosh, and also that of Dr. Bushnell, might be very appropriately called the Limitations of Supernatural Knowledge. They both distinctly state *their* own faith in the supernatural as a fact and an operation upon our race; but they do not inform us whether it seems consistent with their belief that, in conditions beyond those we every day behold, the supernatural cannot take shape and colour, and

appear ; and probably a wise and discriminating understanding stops short of any statement upon this matter. Who shall say, unless the apparition has made itself visible to him? Both Dr. Bushnell and Dr. M'Cosh, in some measure, by the titles of their volumes, awaken expectations they do not realise. Their essays are treatises upon the supernatural in very much the same way as any sermon includes the idea of the supernatural, or as it is contained in any essay on Natural Theology, or the Evidences of Christianity.

There are some aspects of the supernatural we could have wished more fully discussed, in so very popular a work as that of Dr. M'Cosh. Writers on the supernatural, we venture to think, must not now quite ignore and pass over the spiritualists of our modern days. It would be a dangerous doctrine to teach, a dangerous argument to sustain, that man has at present no relation to the manifestations of the supernatural. Nay, it is asserted that he is himself the outbirth of supernatural forces, and that he is sustained by supernatural powers. This, we have seen, underlies all Christian truth ; but the topic we could have wished Dr. M'Cosh had handled, is the condition of the supernatural in relation to man. What are the limitations of supernaturalism? We are beset by two opposite antagonists in our own day. There is the Sadduceeism, which avows its disbelief in all spiritual life ; and there is the spiritualism, wild and licentious, which, while it professes to listen to voices, and avows itself to be haunted by 'beckoning shape, and shadows dire,' only places itself in the path of rationalism—in another form, surrenders itself to the dominion of wild illusion. The 'Strange Story' of Sir Edward Lytton deals rather with the supernatural existence ; but at the same time it is a protest against the intrusion of man into hidden mysteries.

No reader acquainted with the peculiarities of Sir Bulwer Lytton's genius will be surprised that he has compelled the floating hints and surmises of animal magnetism, and the propositions of metaphysical science, alike to his service, in his own department of fiction. Of course, as in all his works, he has wrought at his work like a workman and an artist. We perceive some writers have charged him with reading up for the occasion ; but he must be a very shallow scholar, or he must be an Admirable Crichton who does not concede to him the possession of amazing funds of knowledge, and immense resources of acquaintance with the books upon any topic to which he desires to give his attention ; and there is a workman-like skill in the acquisition and classification of his literary possessions, which is

very much more even than the immediate literary work itself. There is a business-like mastery over the materials, which is a very edifying example to all literary students. This is the case in the work before us ; it is a story, and a strange story, but it is also in the discourses and discussions of Faber, a comprehensive glance over the whole field of the literature of the supernatural. We dare not say that the novelist has travelled through all the writers whose names are mentioned in Gaffarel Lavaterius : his Book of Spectres, and Natalis Tallipied ; his Treaties of Apparitions and Spirits, and Robert Flud ; his History of the Holy Cross, and Pierius Valerianus ; his Hieroglyphics, and Caphio's Art of the Cabala, and Picus Mirandola and Augustinus Niphus, and Hieronymus Iortus, and Gratavolus, and Antoninus Mizalous.* It is even possible that many of our readers may scarcely know these authors or their writings, but they all show man's insatiable quest after the occult and the unknown ; and that very quest is not the least argument for the reality of that he desires.

The reader will expect of Sir Edward that he realises all he touches. In a very remarkable degree his powers are at once analytical and synthetical ; the imagination is, in its very nature, synthetical ; thus he has elevated into those regions of art which it is his gift to illustrate and to populate, the characteristics of the modern supernatural. He, with Dr. M'Cosh, or Dr. Bushnell, also, of course, affirms the existence of the supernatural ; but, with his characteristic boldness of thought, he advances farther, to show the true limitations of knowledge. We have not been surprised that sundry critics have affected a kind of scorn of the book. Sceptics and spiritualists alike will be disposed to do that, for the volumes are not very favourable to the conclusions of either. The author, we have been given for some time to understand, has been not unimpressed by the strange feats of superstition in our day—superstition which certainly transcends all the so-called superstitions of the later periods of the dark ages of England ; the nomenclature is different, witches and wizards are not understood to hold their Sabbaths on heaths and in forests ; but people laying claim to similar powers do hold their *séances* in the rich and wealthy homes of Belgravia and Norwood. If Gipsies are not so often seen asking you to cross their palms with silver, yet cunning Yankees demand of you before they call up the 'tricksy Ariel,' that you drop the fee of gold at their door. The age is as superstitious as

* 'Unheard-of Curiosities concerning the Talismanical Sculpture of the Persians,' &c. Written in French, by James Gaffarel. 1650.

any age which has gone before it. Sir Edward, in his 'Strange Story,' has attempted to reduce its various characters to a dramatic order. Allen Fenwick is a simple, hard, intellectual sceptic, with a mind richly furnished from many fields of knowledge,—a physician, whose creed was, that 'the mind was as clearly the result of the bodily organization as the music of the harpsichord is the result of the instrumental mechanism.' In Mr. Vigors we have the mere vulgar, ignorant mesmerist—'a small man walking on tiptoe, opening his house three times a week to a select few, whom he first fed and then biologised.' In Margrave we have the overflowing animal will, the strong nature powerful over the intellect, but powerless against goodness. In Dr. Faber the writer has incarnated all the more orthodox theories of the marvellous, as associated with the metaphysical of the modern schools, and unfolded in the pages of Ferrier, of Hibbert, of Abercrombie and Hamilton, and Brewster and Müller. In Sir Philip Derval we have a kind of Sir Kenelm Digby—a believer in the possibility of acquaintance with occult and hidden things, a disciple of Van Helmont and the Alchemists, and a searcher among the doctrines of the lost Eastern lore; and in Lilian we have a portrait of the modern Medium. For all this the writer has been charged with reading up. Any one acquainted with the previous works of the author will easily believe that the fields of mystery, and the literature of the mysterious, have always exercised a spell and a fascination over his mind. His writings have usually evinced an acquaintance with the manners, and the costume, and the books of any age he has determined to portray. We are humble reviewers, at a sufficient distance from the author to be able to be just to his vast merits and attainments; and although most of the works to which he refers are upon our own book-shelves, and we are free to confess that we have been not uninterested readers in this kind of lore, we have yet to learn that it is a literary iniquity for a writer to make himself acquainted with all the books and authors, as far as possible, upon the subject he has proposed to exhibit on his page. In a marvellous manner, by the touch of true genius, all readings are fused in the mind of the writer, and come forth concrete. And we must regard the teaching and the intention of the book as healthy, as conveying sound and needed reproof to the multitudes in the present day who in England and on the Continent have forsaken the fountain of living waters, and—loitering round tables, and listening for the rappings, waiting upon the hallucinations of Harris, and Home, and Forster, 'follow on,' not 'to know the Lord,' but to know 'the strong delusions and to believe

a lie.' Sir Edward, following the teachings of the distinguished Maine de Biran, pronounced by Victor Cousin the most original thinker of France, distinguished man's nature into three developments: the first rudimentary life of man,—the animal life,—characterised by impressions, appetites, movements; organic in their origin, and ruled by the law of necessity: next, the human life, from which free-will and self-consciousness emerge—the union, in fact, of mind and matter: but in neither of these conditions of vital being is the explanation of the true marvels of our being: the thinker arrives at the third life of man in man's soul. Thus there are three lives in man—three orders of faculties. It is the belief of Sir Edward, with the illustrious Frenchman whose doctrine he illustrates, that Christianity alone, by receipts for human ignorance and sorrow, embracing the whole man, dissimulates none of the lives of his nature, and avails itself of his miseries and his weakness in order to conduct him to his end, in showing him all the want that he has of a succour more exalted.

The 'Strange Story' is not so much, as many of the fictions of our author, a delineation of manners and morals. Manners are identical with morals anywhere, in any age, in any nation. Good morals result in good manners, and so the reverse; but it needs the philosophic eye to detect the way in which this problem is wrought out. There is not much to remind the reader of 'The Caxtons,' and 'Lucretia;' great the difference indeed, but great the unity. 'As You Like It' by the side of 'Macbeth.' One critic, with some shallowness of criticism, calls 'Lucretia' a 'detestable imitation of a detestable school.' Such language is to us altogether mysterious. 'Lucretia' is certainly an imitation of no school; and although a terrible performance, it holds us by too mighty and fearful a witchery to be detestable. It is truth taught from the tragic side of life. To paint vice is always tragic and terrible, and always involves detestable circumstances. There is always a repulsive horror of thick darkness—a Walpurgis revelry; it is ever the scenery of a blasted heath, a seething caldron, and the incantation and dance of witch-life. And to paint virtue is ever to round with the pleasant forms and colours of humour that which must charm the heart and captivate the spirit. Hogarth painted very repulsive scenes, but he has not been thought a bad moralist; yet most persons will prefer looking on the homely features of the Blind Fiddler. 'The Caxtons' has a great deal of pleasant Wilkie life—with the addition, however, that it is over-arched by the vast and universal blue sky of genius. What, then, is 'Lucretia' but the terrible picture of what education is without a conscience—a soul with-

out conscience—a mind lit up with learning, and impelled by strong will, but without the love or thought of good, and therefore ‘a world without a sun?’ And what a picture is that! Thus, if the reader has ever happened to be in some great minster or cathedral, or room of death, where the body of deceased greatness lay in state—the room from ceiling to floor covered with black—we trod on the black carpet—the ornaments, the hangings, all black; each ministering attendant in black, and nothing to be seen but a dismal robing and vesture of black—no daylight there: so seen, what, then, availed it that the stripes of silver behind the tall, ghastly, flaring tapers threw the spectral light on the coronet on the coffin—the sword or the garter, or the star, the plume, or the flash of the red or yellow lustre on the mountings of the sword? Had there been no light, we could not have known how deep was the darkness, but now every ghastly flambeau and red torch only revealed the crowds passing round the coffin, in the worship of death. Such is the soul without conscience and without love. Such is the impression we receive from characters like Margrave or Lucretia. The black hangings of moral death drape the spirit; and the imagination and the fell purpose are only like funeral lights on a coffin, and the eloquence rings on our ear like a death-dirge or mass over a confined soul. In Margrave the writer has analysed the soul without a conscience in a lower deep, but the fearful lesson is the same as in Lucretia.

In a passage which we think will seem to the reader marvellous writing, our author attempts to set before us a vision of this threefold life; it is the vision of inner being of the evil genius of the story of Margrave.

‘And the brain now opened on my sight, with all its labyrinth of cells. I seemed to have the clue to every winding in the maze.

‘I saw therein a moral world, charred and ruined, as, in some fable I have read, the world of the moon is described to be; yet withal it was a brain of magnificent formation. The powers abused to evil had been originally of rare order, imagination, and scope: the energies that dare; the faculties that discover. But the moral part of the brain had failed to dominate the mental. Defective veneration of what is good or great; cynical disdain of what is right and just; in fine, a great intellect first misguided, then perverted, and now falling with the decay of the body into ghastly but imposing ruins. Such was the world of that brain as it had been three years ago. And still continuing to gaze thereon, I observed three separate emanations of light; the one of a pale red hue, the second of a pale azure, the third a silvery spark.

‘The red light, which grew paler and paler as I looked, undulated

from the brain along the arteries, the veins, the nerves. And I murmured to myself, "Is this the principle of animal life?"

'The azure light equally permeated the frame, crossing and uniting with the red, but in a separate and distinct ray, exactly as, in the outer world, a ray of light crosses or unites with a ray of heat, though in itself a separate individual agency. And again I murmured to myself, "Is this the principle of intellectual being, directing or influencing that of animal life; with it, yet not of it?"

'But the silvery spark! What was that? Its centre seemed the brain. But I could fix it to no single organ. Nay, wherever I looked through the system, it reflected itself as a star reflects itself upon water. And I observed that while the red light was growing feebler and feebler, and the azure light was confused, irregular—now obstructed, now hurrying, now almost lost—the silvery spark was unaltered, undisturbed. So independent of all which agitated and vexed the frame, that I became strangely aware that if the heart stopped in its action, and the red light died out, if the brain were paralyzed, that energetic mind smitten into idiocy, and the azure light wandering objectless as a meteor wanders over the morass,—still that silver spark would shine the same, indestructible by aught that shattered its tabernacle. And I murmured to myself, "Can that starry spark speak the presence of the soul? Does the silver light shine within creatures to which no life immortal has been promised by Divine Revelation?"

'Involuntarily I turned my sight towards the dead forms in the motley collection, and lo, in my trance or my vision, life returned to them all! To the elephant and the serpent; to the tiger, the vulture, the beetle, the moth; to the fish and the polypus, and to yon mockery of man in the giant ape.

'I seemed to see each as it lived in its native realm of earth, or of air, or of water; and the red light played, more or less warm, through the structure of each, and the azure light, though duller of hue, seemed to shoot through the red, and communicate to the creatures an intelligence far inferior indeed to that of man, but sufficing to conduct the current of their will, and influence the cunning of their instincts. But in none, from the elephant to the moth, from the bird in which brain was the largest, to the hybrid in which life seemed to live as in plants,—*in none was visible the starry silver spark*. I turned my eyes from the creatures around, back again to the form cowering under the huge anaconda, and in terror at the animation which the carcasses took in the awful illusions of that marvellous trance. For the tiger moved as if scenting blood, and to the eyes of the serpent the dread fascination seemed slowly returning.

'Again I gazed on the starry spark in the form of the man. And I murmured to myself, "But if this be the soul, why is it so undisturbed and undarkened by the sins which have left such trace and such ravage in the world of the brain?" *And gazing yet more intently on the spark, I became vaguely aware that it was not the soul,*

but the halo around the soul, as the star we see in heaven is not the star itself, but its circle of rays. And if the light itself was undisturbed and undarkened, it was because no sins done in the body could annihilate its essence, nor affect the eternity of its duration. The light was clear within the ruins of its lodgment, because it might pass away, but could not be extinguished.

‘But the soul itself in the heart of the light reflected back on my own soul within me its ineffable trouble, humiliation, and sorrow; for those ghastly wrecks of power placed at its sovereign command it was responsible: and, appalled by its own sublime fate of duration, was about to carry into eternity the account of its mission in time. Yet it seemed that while the soul was still there, though so forlorn and so guilty, even the wrecks around it were majestic. And the soul, whatever sentence it might merit, was not among the hopelessly lost. For in its remorse and its shame, it might still have retained what could serve for redemption. And I saw that the mind was storming the soul in some terrible rebellious war—all of thought, of passion, of desire, through which the azure light poured its restless flow, were surging up round the starry spark, as in siege. *And I could not comprehend the war, nor guess what it was that the mind demanded the soul to yield.* Only the distinction between the two was made intelligible by their antagonism. And I saw that the soul, sorely tempted, looked afar for escape from the subjects it had ever so ill controlled, and who sought to reduce to their vassal the power which had lost authority as their king. I could feel its terror in the sympathy of my own terror, the keenness of my own supplicating pity. I knew that it was imploring release from the perils it confessed its want of strength to encounter. And suddenly the starry spark rose from the ruins and the tumult around it,—rose into space and vanished. And where my soul had recognised the presence of soul, there was a void. But the red light burned still, becoming more and more vivid; and as it thus repaired and recruited its lustre, the whole animal form which had been so decrepit, grew restored from decay, grew into vigour and youth: and I saw Margrave as I had seen him in the waking world, the radiant image of animal life in the beauty of its fairest bloom.

‘And over this rich vitality and this symmetric mechanism now reigned only, with the animal life, the mind. *The starry light fled and the soul vanished, still was left visible the mind: mind, by which sensations convey and cumulate ideas, and muscles obey volition; mind, as in those animals that have more than the elementary instincts; mind, as it might be in men, were men not immortal.* As my eyes, in the Vision, followed the azure light, undulating, as before, through the cells of the brain, and crossing the red amidst the labyrinth of the nerves, I perceived that the essence of that azure light had undergone a change; it had lost that faculty of continuous and concentrated power by which man improves on the works of the past, and weaves schemes to be developed in the future of remote generations; *it had lost all sympathy in the past, because it had lost all conception of a*

future beyond the grave ; it had lost conscience, it had lost remorse. The being it informed was no longer accountable through eternity for the employment of time. The azure light was even more vivid in certain organs useful to the conservation of existence, as in those organs I had observed it more vivid among some of the inferior animals than it is in man—secretiveness, destructiveness, and the ready perception of things immediate to the wants of the day. And the azure light was brilliant in cerebral cells, where before it had been dark, such as those which harbour mirthfulness and hope, for there the light was recruited by the exuberant health of the joyous animal being. But it was lead-like, or dim, in the great social organs through which man subordinates his own interest to that of his species, and utterly lost in those through which man is reminded of his duties to the throne of his Maker.

‘In that marvellous penetration with which the Vision endowed me, I perceived that in this mind, though in energy far superior to many, though retaining, from memories of the former existence, the relics of a culture wide and in some things profound ; though sharpened and quickened into formidable, if desultory, force whenever it schemed or aimed at the animal self-conservation, which now made its master-impulse or instinct ; and though among the reminiscences of its state before its change were arts which I could not comprehend, but which I felt were dark and terrible, lending to a will never checked by remorse, arms that no healthful philosophy has placed in the arsenal of disciplined genius ; though the mind in itself had an ally in a body as perfect in strength and elasticity as man can take from the favour of nature—still, I say, I felt that that mind wanted *the something*, without which men never could found cities, frame laws, bind together, beautify, exalt the elements of this world, by creeds that habitually subject them to a reference to another. The ant, and the bee, and the beaver congregate and construct ; but they do not improve. Man improves because the future impels onward that which is not found in the ant, the bee, and the beaver—that which was gone from the being before me.

‘I shrank appalled into myself, covered my face with my hands, and groaned aloud : “ Have I ever, then, doubted that soul is distinct from mind ? ”

‘A hand here again touched my forehead, the light in the lamp was extinguished, I became insensible, and when I recovered I found myself back in the room in which I had first conversed with Sir Philip Derval, and seated, as before, on the sofa, by his side.

Lengthy as the quotation is, we must yet present another to our readers : it is the language of Faber, to whom Christianity, while a supernatural fact, forbids every attempt to lift the curtain from before the face of the spirit, or the kingdom of the future. It illustrates the great object of the book, which is to show that, even supposing the possibility of an entrance into the world of spirits, a possibility of holding communion with departed

souls, or of commanding the forces of spiritual powers, there can be no adequate support in this or in any of these, while, on the contrary, God has supplied in prayer, and in the promises of his word, spiritual strength. It is in prayer, and in the study of the Word of God, that man really lays hold upon supernatural strength. We would fain hope and believe that words which seem so thoughtful, doctrine and teaching so sound and holy, are not merely the words of the richly-endowed and accomplished artist, but in the heart of the writer—an experience and a power. Faber, the Christian, thus speaks to Fenwick, the sceptic, upon his book, in which he seeks to overthrow the doctrine of the immortality and immateriality of the soul :—

‘ Your book is a proof of the soul that you fail to discover. Without a soul, no man would work for a Future that begins for his fame when the breath is gone from his body. Do you remember how you saw that little child praying at the grave of her father? Shall I tell you that in her simple orisons she prayed for the benefactor—who had cared for the orphan; who had reared over dust that tomb which, in a Christian burial-ground, is a mute but perceptible memorial of Christian hopes; that the child prayed, haughty man, for you? And you sat by, knowing naught of this; sat by, amongst the graves, troubled and tortured by ghastly doubts—vain of a reason that was sceptical of eternity, and yet shaken like a reed by a moment’s marvel. Shall I tell the child to pray for you no more?—that you disbelieve in a soul? If you do so what is the efficacy of prayer? Speak, shall I tell her this? Shall the infant pray for you never more?

‘ I was silent; I was thrilled.

‘ Has it never occurred to you, who, in denying all innate perceptions as well as ideas, have passed on to deductions from which poor Locke, humble Christian that he was, would have shrunk in dismay; has it never occurred to you as a wonderful fact, that the easiest thing in the world to teach a child is that which seems to metaphysical schoolmen the abstrusest of all problems? Read all those philosophers wrangling about a First Cause, deciding on what *are* miracles, and then again deciding that such miracles cannot be; and when one has answered another, and left in the crucible of wisdom a *caput mortuum* of ignorance, then turn your eyes, and look at the infant praying to the invisible God at his mother’s knees. This idea, so miraculously abstract, of a Power that the infant has never seen, that cannot be symbolized forth and explained to him by the most erudite sage,—a Power, nevertheless, that watches over him, that hears him, that sees him, that will carry him across the grave, that will enable him to live on for ever;—this double mystery of a Divinity and of a Soul the infant learns with the most facile readiness, at the first glimpse of his reasoning faculty. Before you can teach him a rule in addition, before you can venture to drill him

into his hornbook, he leaps with one intuitive spring of all his ideas, to the comprehension of the truths which are only incomprehensible to blundering sages! And you, as you stand before me, *dare* not say, "Let the child pray for me no more." But will the Creator accept the child's prayer for the man who refuses prayer for himself? *Take my advice—Pray!* And in this counsel I do not overstep my province. I speak not as a preacher, but as a physician. For health is a word that comprehends our whole organization, and a just equilibrium of all faculties and functions is the condition of health. As in your Lilian the equilibrium is deranged by the over-indulgence of a spiritual mysticism which withdraws from the nutriment of duty the essential pabulum of sober sense, so in you, the resolute negation of disciplined spiritual communion between Thought and Divinity robs imagination of its noblest and safest vent. Thus from opposite extremes, you and your Lilian meet in the same region of mist and cloud, losing sight of each other and of the true ends of life, as her eyes only gaze on the stars, and yours only bend on the earth. Were I advising *her*, I should say: "Your Creator has placed the scene of your trial below, and not in the stars." Advising *you*, I say: "But in the trial below, man should recognise education for heaven." In a word, I would draw somewhat more downward her fancy, raise somewhat more upward your reason. Take my advice then—Pray. Your mental system needs the support of prayer in order to preserve its balance. In the embarrassment and confusion of your senses, clearness of perception will come with habitual and tranquil confidence in Him who alike rules the universe and reads the heart. I only say here what has been said much better before by a reasoner in whom all students of Nature recognise a guide. I see on your table the very volume of Bacon which contains the passage I commend to your reflection. Here it is. Listen: "Take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on when he finds himself maintained by a man who, to him, is instead of a God, or *melior natura*, which courage is manifestly such as that creature, without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain. So man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon divine protection and favour, gathereth a force and faith which human nature could not obtain." You are silent, but your gesture tells me your doubt—a doubt which your heart, so femininely tender, will not speak aloud lest you should rob the old man of a hope with which your strength of manhood dispenses—you doubt the efficacy of prayer! Pause and reflect, bold but candid inquirer, into the laws of that guide you call Nature. If there were no efficacy in prayer—if prayer were as mere an illusion of superstitious phantasy as aught against which your reason now struggles—*do you think that Nature herself would have made it amongst the most common and facile of all her dictates?* Do you believe that if there really did not exist that tie between Man and his Maker—that link between life here and life hereafter which is found in what we call Soul, alone—that wherever you look through the universe you would behold a child at prayer?

Nature inculcates nothing that is superfluous. Nature does not impel the leviathan or the lion, the eagle or the moth, to pray; she impels only man. *Why? Because man only has soul, and Soul seeks to commune with the Everlasting, as a fountain struggles up to its source.* Burn your book. It would found you a reputation for learning and intellect and courage, I allow; but learning and intellect and courage wasted against a truth—like spray against a rock! A truth valuable to the world, the world will never part with. You will not injure the truth, but you will mislead and may destroy many, whose best security is in the truth which you so eruditely insinuate to be a fable. *Soul and Hereafter are the heritage of all men; the humblest journeyman in those streets, the pettiest trader behind those counters, have in those beliefs their prerogatives of royalty.* You would dethrone and embrate the lords of the earth by your theories. For my part, having given the greater part of my life to the study and analysis of facts, I would rather be the author of the tritest homily, of the baldest poem, that inculcated that imperishable essence of the soul to which I have neither scalpel nor probe—than be the founder of the subtlest school, or the framer of the loftiest verse, that robbed my fellow-men of their faith in a spirit that eludes the dissecting-knife, in a being that escapes the grave-digger. Burn your book—Accept This Book instead; Read and Pray.

‘He placed his Bible in my hand, embraced me, and an hour afterwards, the old man and the child left my hearth solitary once more.’

That which has been regarded as the great fault in Bulwer’s writing—that all along he is too consciously working by rules of art—will be alleged also as the fault of the ‘Strange Story.’ It is the fault of the race of writers to which he belongs, from Goëthe downwards. And we may also notice how constantly this servitude to rules of art has been associated with what we may call literary licentiousness in principle and development. In his early writings, Bulwer must be regarded as certainly a most licentious writer; in his later writings he has rectified his philosophy. Many of his earlier productions had the charm, the fascination, and the beauty of the crested snake; and his books are perpetually haunted by those moral monsters with intellects as clear and divine as the gods, and passions mighty with the depravity of a lost archangel. With much admiration for these writings, we are compelled to say that while most of his books have the charm of greatness, only the recent have the greatness and goodness of many, and their influence over the young must be in many cases pernicious.

The faults of Bulwer are in his lawlessness of thought, in the dark questions he utters on his harp; and from this it will not be expected that the ‘Strange Story’ is free. But any accusation against him will be an accusation against the literature of

fiction in general, and it is this,—the licentiousness of imagination, the daring innovation of an unbridled and unregulated fancy into the domain of moral order and completeness. We must all admit that the nature of the mental productions of Bulwer especially subjects him to such a charge as this; the orbit in which he travels is larger than that attempted by any other writer of fiction. He has attempted to subject to his canvass the most intricate problems of our mental and moral history, and it is always more difficult immeasurably to drape abstract truth or abstract falsehood in fiction than it is to put it on paper as a mere speculation of the pure reason; and perhaps we may be permitted to go so far as to say, we do not understand a proposition at all until we have dramatised it.

The quotations we have given from the 'Strange Story' exhibit the same healthy change from the literature of the earlier days of the writer. We had intended to have taken the opportunity of the publication of these volumes for some general remarks upon the works of the writer. But our space and the subject on which we have principally touched prevent this. The 'Strange Story' does not abound in the many-coloured life of most of the author's previous fictions; especially it has not the same vivid brilliancy of wit—wit in the bright and sparkling point—wit proper.

To merely collect into a volume the axioms and maxims from the works of Bulwer would be a most interesting task, and it would form a rich volume of lessons on all sides of human nature. In none of our novelists have we any wealth at all approaching to this. These writings abound with epigrammatic sentences reminding us of Voltaire and of Rochefoucault. They sparkle like crystals; they shoot forth dark and keen darts of light, or fire of satire, or observation rememberable and pertinent as the sayings of strong thinkers, or the lines of great poets. It is noticeable that they abound more in the earlier works; there is a spiteful feline brilliancy about many of these sayings,—not unlike the blue spark we think we extract from the cat when we stroke her backwards in the lampless room. This is a characteristic of these men, and the minds that have observed the world without learning the great lessons of love. Now, much of that pertinent smartness which we admire derives all its force from petulance and spite—from hate and spleen; for what is satire, but imagination sharpened on the hone of hate, or scorn? All the first works of Bulwer represent the phase of moral history in which the world is despised. At any rate, this is the effect the artist has produced. Every one of them is the insight of scorn into the world's

hollow heart, and therefore they all abound with the smart sayings of philosophic wit. Yet we have no right to identify the writer with these characters, although he must have seen them and lived through them. Wit may exist in the mind in æsthetic proportions, not vicious deformities. It may be the acid in the cup of life, without poisoning the whole cup.

In the early volumes of our writer, we have far more wit than humour; indeed, the humour seldom appears at all. There is a sharp, pungent querulousness when speaking of the world and the world's ways, exhibiting more painfully the sore heart and the unsatisfied spirit—the fox gnawing beneath the Spartan cloak. Wit arises in us from our seeing things in angles. Wit is the wintry frost—the sharp needle-point stinging the skin. Humour is the water of life genial and warm in the summer sunshine. They are both the essence of life; but the one beneath the frost, the other beneath the sunbeam.

The language of Wit is, 'I laugh and I despise;' the language of Humour is, 'I laugh, but I love.' Hence we find truly enough that Wit is more the property of bad men, as Humour is the mental property of good men. Wit draws keen, swift distinctions; Humour modifies and shades and softens character. Humour is the language of feeling; Wit is the result of spiteful thought. 'The Caxtons' of our author is a work of genuine Humour. But in most of our author's other works Wit is predominant. Mental evolvment rather than moral teaching. These writings strike us as those of one who would love men if he could trust them, but the first thought to all men is to suspect them. This is what the world does for us. And he has certainly drawn to the very life a gallery of very bad men, repeating that portrait, however, in many instances. Thus Lord Mauleverer in 'Paul Clifford' is just the same person as Lord Lilburn in 'Night and Morning,' or Lord Vargrave in 'Ernest Maltravers,' and Corporal Bunting in 'Eugene Aram;' and certainly one of the most perfectly rich and natural of all our author's paintings is only a Lilburn or a Mauleverer wanting their rank or opportunity for vice. Bulwer, in his earlier writings, seemed to be related to the family of humanity rather by the brain than the heart. His heart is large and intense. And we see occasionally, nay, frequently, how rich his affections are which mostly slumber there, but it is the brain that has been most taxed and laborious. The brain is his most restless and fervid force. There is a sharp intellectualism over all his writings. We scarcely know another writer who has eaten so much of the forbidden fruit. And you cannot read without yourself plucking too of the tree of know-

ledge of good and evil. He has trodden restlessly and gloomily through the regions of dark knowledge and occult ideas. We do not say there is not much moral surgery in these writings, but the writer comes immediately to the surgery from the dissecting room. Moral morbidity frequently meets us, and then we have the wit—the wit of the ghastly old scarecrow, Lord Mauleverer, his scheming old brain wigged, and his leathern jaws rouged, and from his nightcap pleasantly laying plans for the seduction or marriage of innocence. His wit-like Lilburns—they disgust us; they are like the putrid exhalations of the blue vampyre light which go creeping about over graves and charnels.

Thus the reader will find in the course of the work abundance of those wise aphorisms of life, intuition, and experience, with which all, and especially the latest works of the writer, abound. Many of them may be regarded as the proverbialism of the supernatural. We will venture to quote a page of these brilliant and rememberable words:—

Conscience. ‘The prime element of a sound understanding is conscience itself.’

Prayer. ‘Of all general laws, I know of none more general than the impulse which bids men pray,—all the phenomena of nature we can conceive, however startling and inexperienced, do not make the brute pray; but there is not a trouble that can happen to man but his impulse is to pray,—always provided, indeed, that he is not a philosopher.’

Woman. ‘Between the outward and the inward woman, there is ever a third woman—such as the whole human being appears to the world—always mantled, sometimes masked.’

Soul and Conscience. ‘There is no conscience where soul is wanting.’

A Lost Soul. ‘When the mortal deliberately allies himself to the spirits of evil, he surrenders the citadel of his being to the guard of his enemies. The intellect, armed by the passions, has besieged and oppressed the soul; but the soul has never ceased to repine and to repent.’

Modern Spiritualism. ‘I feel a fear lest in the absorbing interest of researches which tend to increase to a marvellous degree the power of man over all matters, animate or inanimate, I may have blunted my own moral perceptions, and that there may be much in the knowledge which I sought and acquired from the pure desire of investigating hidden truths, that could be more abused to purposes of tremendous evil than be likely to conduce to benignant good.’

The Facts of Forbidden Knowledge. ‘They are the keys to

masked doors in the ramparts of nature, which no mortal can pass through without rousing dread sentries never seen on this side her wall.'

Scientific Errors. 'The mistake we make in some science we have specially cultivated is often only to be seen by the light of a separate science as specially cultivated by another.'

Contemplation. 'The soul has need of pauses of repose—intervals of escape not only from the flesh, but even from the mind. The soul has a long road to travel—from time to eternity. It demands its halting hours of contemplation.'

Slander. 'The adder that dwells in cities—Slander.'

The Teaching of Nature. 'It is with some characters as with the subtler and more ethereal order of poets. To appreciate them, we must suspend the course of artificial life. In the city we call them dreamers, on the mountain top we find them interpreters.'

Spirits. 'The first blockhead we meet in our walk to our grocer's can tell us more than the ghost tells us; the poorest envy we ever aroused hurts us more than the demon.'

The Credulity of Sceptics. 'The human mind,' said Luther, 'is like a drunkard on horseback; prop it on one side, and it falls on the other. So the man who is much too enlightened to believe in a peasant's religion is always sure to set up insane superstition of his own.'

It would be very easy to lengthen by many pages these short happy utterances. They are abundantly strewn along the pages of the work.

The 'Strange Story' will give rise to a question often proposed already, and one not very easy to solve in discussing the works of Bulwer, namely, how far the artist guides the poet; or, how far the poet guides the artist? There are passages of such tenderness that it would seem, from their brimming and overflowing pathos, that the writer could only have spoken from the depth of a great sorrow. But we know that art can affect us as well as nature; and we know, moreover, that Sir Edward works ever on a principle of art. We have reason to believe that he shades and touches his pictures again and again; and we all remember, too, that the highest art is to conceal art. Nay, more; it is the case that after the mind has accustomed itself to work beneath what may be called the mechanism of beauty, its very impulses shape, as they start into life, a form and body, a being that breathes in the attitude and emotion of pathos or terror. You must not suppose that those passages which wring the tear from your eye were produced without thought and study; they seem life and heart-born, instantaneous

in their touch ; but, beyond a doubt depend on it, the artist knew you would think so before he allowed himself to put them to paper. But the danger is not here ; it is in having that monstrous combination, described by Goëthe, 'The imagination all fire, the heart all ice.' The imagination may give the æsthetic development, and revere the power of the artist ; but the heart must give the human development. Bulwer, as we have already said, is a consummate artist, and he works ever on the principles of art ; he throws everything into its ideal relation—he uses all human colours and forms—his genius is a true kaleidoscope, and the most uncouth and repulsive pieces of glass become not only the reflectors of beauty in detail, but the parts of a beauty seen in the whole. He works upon a method ; the detraction from his genius is that he appears to see too clearly the method upon which he works. The highest genius is always 'wiser than it knows.'

All criticism upon the book will depend upon the sympathy the reader has with the writer, and with the moral or spiritual purpose running through the work. From the extracts we have given, it will be seen that the reader who is not a Christian can have little sympathy with it. We have not been at all surprised at many of the strictures we have seen. If the reader interprets the world from the cold, hard side of natural law, he will have no sympathy with the writer. In a word, if to the reader there be no supernatural, all the pages of the book will be a farrago. We have intimated that the writer has collected together all the hints from the whole realm of the literature of spiritualism, and, with astonishing vividness, he makes a superstition of the marvellous of the nineteenth century. He has used with astonishing grasp and vigour the traditions which have floated to the ear from other nations. The *Scin Laca*, for instance, and the forms of the spiritual life, assume the same power over the reader which the phantoms of well-known poets have. Our age is as superstitious as the age of Shakspeare. The witches have vanished from the blasted heath, and the seething caldron is there no more, but the poet finds reason still to give objective form to the strange life of unseen things—things which take shape and appear around him.

Sublimity of conception is the characteristic of the mind of the writer ; sublimity of conception developed alike in the selection of the subject and in the fancy and invention of the lesser materials, compacting and covering its parts together. Walking through the deserted streets of Pompeii—those houses, theatres, and temples, the abode of life two thousand years since—he attempted to repeople them, and by the wand of imperial fancy to

rebuild the ruins of the city; to follow the people through all their life of vanity and superstition, of art and display, of vice and of love; to group together all the mighty and marvellous circumstances of that age—the omens that waited on the birth of Christianity; the persecutions, when the amphitheatre rung with the cry, ‘The Christians to the lions! the Christians to the lions!’ the introduction into the scenery of the old disciple who had been raised in youth by our Lord from the dead, and the description of the appearance of Paul on Mars Hill, in Athens; and, finally, to paint the horror of the impaled city when the fire and lava burst from the mountain, the rocking of the idol temples, and the glare of the blood-red light over the waters of the bay. Was it not a sublime conception, in threading the streets of Rome, to call up to second life Rienzi, the mighty, though evanescent tribune of the Middle Ages—to move to and fro through those old palaces, and to make the old marbles to echo with the footsteps of the last of the tribunes—to remake the world of Boccaccio and of Petrarch? So also in ‘The Last of the Barons.’ There surely the historical novel reached its highest and deepest expression; the characters of the age move before us in wonderful life likeness. If we desired to fascinate a young mind to the study of English history, we would put into his hands this and Scott’s ‘Ivanhoe,’ as our two greatest historical paintings performed by the hand of fancy. We prefer ‘The Last of the Barons’ to ‘Ivanhoe,’ *because* while there is an equal truth to the age, and an equal truth to nature, there is a more ideal standpoint. All that Bulwer saw he saw as accurately, and seen as truthfully; but then he saw further, and some of Bulwer’s characters Scott could neither have described or comprehended. Thus Adam Warner, the man before his age, and Robin Hildyard, are both characters Sir Walter could neither have seen or have sympathised with. Adam Warner especially is at once a fine idealisation and realisation. We have often laughed at the alchemists and the dreamers of the dark ages; we frequently must have been very unjust to them, for they must have often been men who stumbled along with a great and undeveloped or rudely-developed thought ‘seen through a glass darkly.’ Conceive a man like Roger Bacon in those ages—the fifteenth century—in the largeness of his chemical and mechanical knowledge, to have alighted on the idea of the steam-engine. The idea is not only possible and probable, but we know that such was actually the case. The elder Bacon himself did so. That knowledge of the expansive force of steam, its motive power, the power applied to a rude machine made with immense difficulty—a *thought!*—in fact, lying before the eye of

the fond inventor in the rude iron frame—this child of knowledge in a dark age, this genius of the nineteenth century, with eagle eye, and broad brain, and loving heart, compelled to walk amidst the blindness and doltishness of the fifteenth century—this is one of the most magnificent conceptions of poetry, and this conception was reserved for Bulwer.

Thus we think his ambitious claim is justified in the historical romance of our author. The first thing which strikes us is that he is the great epic of novelists. It is still a matter of dispute which is the most ambitious ground for genius to build upon—the epic or the dramatic art. Perhaps the distinction between the two may be the better perceived by recurring to the etymologies, from which we shall perceive that epic is concentrated, while dramatic is diffused action. The epic involves the whole work in the delineation of the deeds of the hero; the drama involves the work in the delineation of a passion. And it must be admitted that the world has fewer good epics than good dramas. The modern novel appears in some measure to stand in the relation both of epic and drama. Bulwer approaches more nearly to the epic; and his historical romances especially have this character. We see in them how he concentrates the life of an age. They are history. You may read Gell; you may read the history of Rome; you may read dissertations on the manners and customs of the Romans; but we cannot have so vivid a picture of Pompeii as in 'The Last Days of Pompeii.' There is the delineation of the world's new age, the world's new actors, the world's new creed, in the dress and drapery of that sunny clime and age. We see them move before us—humanity ever the same. We see, and clearly, the hoary, the learned, the sotted priestcraft of that age; the mysteries of the Pagan faith, the esoteric and the exoteric. We see, too, the corrupting luxuries and the meretricious and scented garments heaped on the dying body of a gasping civilisation. We see the new faith rising with all its imperial life, with all its errors of human manifestation. The Christians, with all their youthful enthusiasm, the children of persecution, they are before us in the amphitheatre confronting the barbarisms they came to denounce and to destroy. We see the gladiator 'butchered to make a Roman holiday.' We see the domestic life of those times—the saturnalia of mingling civilisation and barbarism; and over all we see the smoking cone, Vesuvius; we hear the rumbling earthquake; and the streams of fire and lava shoot down before our eyes, impaling by fiery fork the astounded and terrified city. This is the epic of an age. Nor less in 'The Last of the Barons.' Here Bulwer has done

for the stream of our country's civilisation what in 'The Last Days of Pompeii' he had done for the history of the world's civilisation. He has seized on the epoch most representative of new elements and new forces. We are alternately startled by the ring of the old mailed feudalism and the flutter of commercial interests; the London merchant and the feudal baron; the Old World and the New; the Houses of York and Lancaster. How they rustle and sweep across the scene, the ostensible actors; and quiet and unseen, and comparatively unappreciated, how the merchants move the springs of the mighty whole! How the yearnings, and aspirations, and palpitations of science foreshadow and prefigure the coming ages; and, as is always the case, how rude and bragging Quackery thrusts on one side calm and dignified Philosophy! How all the actors throng round each other! How even here all things and persons are a yeast, a ferment—rapid transition and change! This, too, is a great age epic.

To the work before us the writer has given all the care, the patient research, which mark his historical epics; and he has attempted to construct the epic of the soul. He has given shape to the beings of the soul. A nature in which the sense of wonder is so large may naturally start, and construct strange phantom worlds. He evidently believes in the overwhelming power of a strong will, a wicked will; and this is one of the most marvellous of all supernatural facts, and one of the most obvious. He gives reins to his wonder and his imagination; but what a ridiculous criticism that is which describes the book as the dressing up of the odds and ends left from working 'Zanoni!' The world has made some advances since the day when 'Zanoni' was published; nor is Sir Edward's mind where it was then. And the intention of the book is wholly different. There is teaching in the 'Strange Story' the Christian reader will accept with reverence; and teaching, therefore, which every flippant positiveist will despise. This, however, may boldly be said,—the writer is always ambitious in the characters and in the scenes he constructs and describes. His language, too, if now far more natural than of old, is still ambitious, and it aims to keep company with its thought; and thus he has stretched abroad a canvas, and crowded it with all the shapes, and forms, and scenes that a keen observation of the age, united to a vast and peerless scholarship, could supply to illustrate the spiritual dreams of our time.

But we are wandering from the literature of the supernatural and the 'Strange Story' to criticisms upon the writings of the author. We must reserve for another opportunity this text.

We desire to express a cordial word of admiration to Dr. M'Cosh for his work, most valuable in one direction, and to Sir Bulwer Lytton for his not less valuable work in another.

III.

HOLMES' POEMS.*

MR. HOLMES is always welcomed heartily by an English audience; and if his publishers are usually inattentive to the reviewers, the reviewers will not be indisposed to put themselves to the charge and cost of works conveying so much cheerful humour and thoughtful and elegant writing. It is not long since we were fascinated by the interesting but dangerous heresies of Elsie Venner. That most brilliant but unnatural story, 'The Breakfast Table of the Professor,' and 'The Autocrat,' abound with pleasant talk for all tastes; and here we have right speedily another volume. The author has, indeed, included in this the many-textured, but mostly humorous, poems of 'The Autocrat.' Mr. Holmes has been called the Thomas Hood of America, but there is in truth very little resemblance; they are both humourists, and their humour displays itself sometimes in very genial sympathy with the suffering and very severe, and sometimes harsh, scourging of men and things very offensive to them, although not very mischievous in general. Mr. Holmes is one of those poets who can in their verses be very religious, although without any very distinct religious principles. The volume abounds with fine things about universal goodness, and rivers of *eau de sucré*,—rivers of sugar and water all the world over. Dr. Holmes is a physician too, and we should have thought had seen some things in the course of his experience not so full of obvious goodness as he seems to imagine all things are. Cheerfulness is the animating inspiration of the writer; and not very often do his verses sting in bitterness. They seem to have some very unpleasant people in America, as indicated in the lines called 'The Moral Bully,' verses which have called forth the

* *Songs in Many Keys.* By Oliver Wendell Holmes, author of 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.' Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

heartly admiration of our contemporary of the *Athenæum*. We would suggest, as an admirable companion portrait to Dr. Holmes for another volume, the 'Literary Bully.' Here are some of these admirable (!) lines :—

'Yon whey-faced brother, who delights to wear
A weedy flux of ill-conditioned hair,
Seems of the sort that in a crowded place
One elbows freely into smallest space ;
A timid creature, lax of knee and hip,
Whom small disturbance whitens round the lip.

'Be slow to judge, and slower to despise,
Man of broad shoulders and heroic size !
The tiger, writhing from the boa's rings,
Drops at the fountain where the cobra stings.
In that lean phantom, whose extended glove
Points to the text of universal love,
Behold the master that can tame thee down
To crouch, the vassal of his Sunday frown ;
His velvet throat against thy corded wrist,
His loosened tongue against thy double fist !

'The MORAL BULLY, though he never swears,
Nor kicks intruders down his entry stairs,
Though meekness plants his backward-sloping hat,
And non-resistance ties his white cravat,
Though his black broadcloth glories to be seen
In the same plight with Shylock's gaberdine,
Hugs the same passion to his narrow breast
That heaves the cuirass on the trooper's chest,
Hears the same hell-hounds yelling in his rear
That chase from port the maddened buccaneer,
Feels the same comfort while his acrid words
Turn the sweet milk of kindness into curds,
Or with grim logic prove, beyond debate,
That all we love is worthiest of our hate,
As the scarred ruffian of the pirate's deck,
When his long swivel rakes the staggering wreck !

'Heaven keep us all ! Is every rascal clown
Whose arm is stronger free to knock us down ?
Has every scarecrow, whose cachetic soul
Seems fresh from Bedlam, airing on parole,
Who, though he carries but a doubtful trace
Of angel visits on his hungry face,
From lack of marrow or the coins to pay,
Has dodged some vices in a shabby way,
The right to stick us with his cut-throat terms,
And bait his homilies with his brother worms ?'

The lines have little, we hope, to commend them to any reader's eye, save their extravagant bitterness, and we hope their falseness. We never care for our writer when he writes about

religious things, or sentiments, or people. We came to one line, and were compelled to say, Poor man! we do not quite believe that Sparta was braver than our own country. Dr. Holmes, indeed, in the painful recollection of the Bull's Run, may be able to say,—

‘Sparta laughs at all our warlike deeds.’

We, on this side of the Atlantic, have no memories of that sort as yet; but the line which forms the couplet to this is really sad; we trust it was a slip of the pen:—

‘And buried Athens claims our stolen creeds.’

Is it so? Is there nothing new in the teaching of Christ, and of Christianity? Does Dr. Holmes find an analogy between the myths of Athens and the teaching of the Saviour and of Paul? Of course the Doctor is a thorough Yankee; and he quite believes that there is hope for the world in Yankeedom. The following is *very* hopeful:—

‘So shall the angel who has closed for man
The blissful garden since his woes began,
Swing wide the golden portals of the west,
And Eden's secret stand at length confessed.’

Go to America and find ‘Paradise Regained.’ We point to these things; *they* do not beautify the book, but the book is full of pleasantries and beauties. The author excels in ‘Lines for Meetings of Old Convives;’ innocent, happy, hearty assemblages of men who were once boys together, reminding him that—

‘The text of our lives may get wiser with age,
But the print was so fair on its twentieth page.’

We like our merry poetical cricket when he has a piece of good, healthy, cheerful satire to shoot out; and if we know few who could honestly plead guilty to the character of the ‘Moral Bully,’ we know few who could plead guiltless to the charges insinuated in ‘Contentment:’—

‘MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE HERE BELOW.’

‘Little I ask; my wants are few;
I only wish a hut of stone,
(A *very plain* brown stone will do,
That I may call my own;—
And close at hand is such a one,
In yonder street that fronts the sun.

‘Plain food is quite enough for me;
Three courses are as good as ten;—
If Nature can subsist on three,
Thank Heaven for three. Amen!’

I always thought cold victual nice ;—
My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

'I care not much for gold or land ;—
Give me a mortgage here and there,—
Some good bank stock,—some note of hand,
Or trifling railroad share ;—
I only ask that Fortune send
A *little* more than I shall spend.

'Jewels are bawbles ; 'tis a sin
To care for such unfruitful things ;—
One good-sized diamond in a pin,—
Some, *not so large*, in rings,—
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
Will do for me ;—I laugh at show.

'Thus humble let me live and die,
Nor long for Midas' golden touch ;
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,
I shall not miss them *much*,—
Too grateful for the blessing lent
Of simple tastes and mind content.'

If the writings of Oliver Holmes exhibit a natural and flowing grace—an innate elegance of manner and expression—they exhibit also the flow and grace of culture. The river winds its way along cultivated banks, and by trim hedge-rows, and carefully trimmed and trained garden settings. We cannot fail to see, too, that culture has, in some measure, chilled, or given the artificial warmth, the artist's glow to the colours, the images, and words of the poet. But culture found a real and an overflowing, if not a very deep nature, and the lines never become cold. On the contrary, some of the pieces exhibit a very sweet and plaintive pathos. Sometimes this pathos, as in the volumes well known to the readers, reveals itself, as in the 'Last Leaf,' and in numerous 'College Memorial Verses,' in a grotesque and quaint sort of Dutch homeliness, in which the genius of the classic seeks to incorporate itself in a picture of Teniers. But Dr. Holmes can write in altogether another verse. There is much feeling and frequent touches of scenic presentment and sympathy in the following verses, pleasantly suggesting not a copy of, but a relationship to, Tennyson's 'Now is done thy long day's work :—'

'UNDER THE VIOLETS.

'Her hands are cold ; her face is white ;
No more her pulses come and go ;
Her eyes are shut to life and light :—
Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

- ' But not beneath a graven stone,
 To plead for tears with alien eyes;
 A slender cross of wood alone
 Shall say, that here a maiden lies
 In peace beneath the peaceful skies.
- ' And gray old trees of hugest limb
 Shall wheel their circling shadows round
 To make the scorching sunlight dim
 That drinks the greenness from the ground,
 And drop their dead leaves on her mound.
- ' When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
 And through their leaves the robins call,
 And, ripening in the autumn sun,
 The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
 Doubt not that she will heed them all.
- ' For her the morning choir shall sing
 Its matins from the branches high,
 And every minstrel-voice of Spring,
 That trills beneath the April sky,
 Shall greet her with its earliest cry.
- ' When, turning round their dial-track,
 Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,
 Her little mourners, clad in black,
 The crickets sliding through the grass,
 Shall pipe for her an evening mass.
- ' At last the rootlets of the trees
 Shall find the prison where she lies,
 And bear the buried dust they seize
 In leaves and blossoms to the skies.
 So may the soul that warmed it rise!
- ' If any, born of kindlier blood,
 Should ask, What maiden lies below?
 Say only this: A tender bud,
 That tried to blossom in the snow,
 Lies withered where the violets blow.'

But although we have touched upon many of the keys of this delightful volume, we must touch two or three more. We have referred to its author's rare power of humour. He can not only draw a moral in didactic humour, but in descriptive story too. Our readers are all acquainted with 'The Punch Bowl.' The legend of the 'One Hoss Shay' will surely be a favourite. This also appears for the second time, being one of the 'Lyrics of the Autocrat;' and there is, we believe and think, a lesson of no little wisdom in this same so-called 'Logical Story.' Logic is like institutions, and institutions are like logic; there comes a point in the history of each when, however admirably constructed the argument or the thing,

it is sure to break down. Whether Dr. Holmes has read Isaac Taylor's admirable essay entitled 'Logic in Theology,' we do not know; but the Deacon's 'One Hoss Shay' seems to us a humorous illustration of the truth in that excellent essay—namely, that a firmly-jointed chain of demonstrative reasoning may be logic, but is not fact; that the strength and force of an author's reasoning, while consisting in the due dependence and artificial sequence of propositions—that is, collocated words and phrases—will frequently be found to break down at the very point where they are wanted. 'This irrefragable argument,' says Isaac Taylor, 'resembles, in its mode of teaching a conclusion, those ingenious paradoxes in which things the most absurd are made to appear incontestably certain.' We might put together, perhaps, as illustrations of this *vice* of logic, the noble essay of Jonathan Edwards on the Freedom of the Will. This work Isaac Taylor has selected for his illustration. We might conjoin with it, as another logical paradox, the constitution and quibbling Government of the United States; but here is 'The Wonderful One Hoss Shay':—

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE.

'Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—Ah! but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits,—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

'Seventeen hundred and fifty-five—
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
Snuffly old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

'Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking still,
Find it *somewhere* you must and will,—
Above or below, or within or without,—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't wear out.

'But the Deacon swore, (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell yeou,")

He would build one shay to beat the taown
 'n'the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
 It should be so built that it *couldn't* break daown:
 —"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
 Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
 'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,

Is only jest

T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

'So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
 Where he could find the strongest oak,
 That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke,—
 That was for spokes and floor and sills;
 He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
 The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
 The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
 But lasts like iron for things like these;
 The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"—
 Last of its timber,—they couldn't sell 'em,
 Never an axe had seen their chips,
 And the wedges flew from between their lips,
 Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
 Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
 Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
 Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
 Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
 Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
 Found in the pit when the tanner died.
 That was the way he "put her through."—
 "There!" said the Deacon, "naow she 'll dew!"

'Do! I tell you, I rather guess
 She was a wonder, and nothing less!
 Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
 Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
 Children and grandchildren—where were they?
 But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
 As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake day!

'EIGHTEEN HUNDRED;—it came and found
 The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
 Eighteen hundred increased by ten;—
 "Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
 Eighteen hundred and twenty came;—
 Running as usual; much the same.
 Thirty and forty at last arrive,
 And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

'Little of all we value here
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
 Without both feeling and looking queer.
 In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
 (This is a moral that runs at large;
 Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

'FIRST OF NOVEMBER,—the Earthquake-day.—
 There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,

A general flavour of mild decay,
But nothing local as one may say.
There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start,
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippetree neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out*!

'First of November, 'Fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Hupdup!" said the parson.—Off went they.

'The parson was working his Sunday's text,—
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.
—First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
—What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground!
You see, of course, if you 're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

'End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That 's all I say.'

Our readers will see that there is plenty of most attractive material in this volume; and it is so bulky, that numerous as our quotations have been, they do not seem disproportioned to its size or merits, or the fame of its author. With one other legend we will close. Did our readers ever mutter a hearty objurgation on some tire, some old twaddler, who having nothing to do, and being himself a leisurely man, contrives to fasten the finger upon the button-hole of the coat till the train was gone, or the friend missed? Dr. Holmes has done the same, for he has felt the same. Here is a piece of poetic revenge upon the

idler, the genius of tiresomeness, who comes to your study, or meets you in your business walk :—

- 'Do you know the Old Man of the Sea, of the Sea?
Have you met with that dreadful old man?
If you haven't been caught, you will be, you will be;
For catch you he must and he can.
- 'He doesn't hold on by your throat, by your throat,
As of old in the terrible tale;
But he grapples you tight by the coat, by the coat,
Till its buttons and button-holes fail.
- 'There's a charm of a snake in his eye, in his eye,
And a polypus-grip in his hands;
You cannot go back, nor get by, nor get by,
If you look at the spot where he stands.
- 'Oh, you're grabbed! See his claw on your sleeve, on your sleeve!
It is Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea!
You're a Christian, no doubt you believe, you believe:
You're a martyr, whatever you be!
- '—Is the breakfast-hour past? They must wait, they must wait,
While the coffee boils sullenly down,
While the Johnny-cake burns on the grate, on the grate,
And the toast is done frightfully brown.
- '—Yes, your dinner will keep; let it cool, let it cool,
And Madam may worry and fret,
And children half-starved go to school, go to school;
He can't think of sparing you yet.
- '—Hark! the bell for the train! "Come along! Come along!"
For there isn't a second to lose."
"ALL ABOARD!" (He holds on.) "Fsht! ding-dong! Fsht! ding-dong!"—
You can follow on foot, if you choose.
- '—There's a maid with a cheek like a peach, like a peach,
That is waiting for you in the church;—
But he clings to your side like a leech, like a leech,
And you leave your lost bride in the lurch.
- '—There's a babe in a fit,—hurry quick! hurry quick!
To the doctor's as fast as you can!
The baby is off, while you stick, while you stick,
In the grip of the dreadful Old Man!
- I have looked on the face of the Bore, of the Bore:
The voice of the Simple I know;
I have welcomed the Flat at my door, at my door;
I have sat by the side of the Slow;
- 'I have walked like a lamb by the friend, by the friend,
That stuck to my skirts like a burr;
I have borne the stale talk without end, without end,
Of the sitter whom nothing could stir:

But my hamstrings grow loose, and I shake, and I shake,
At the sight of the dreadful Old Man ;
Yea, I quiver and quake, and I take, and I take,
To my legs with what vigour I can !

‘ Oh, the dreadful Old Man of the Sea, of the Sea !
He ’s come back like the Wandering Jew !
He has had his cold claw upon me, upon me,—
And be sure that he ’ll have it on you ! ’

We have quoted sufficient to justify not only our heartiest admiration and praise of this volume, but we have quoted so variously that our readers will see it indeed deserves its title, ‘ Songs in many Keys.’

IV.

MODEL MISSIONS.*

THIS is a volume written by a Papist, who has thought it necessary to attempt to prove that black is white. Our simple review of the whole thing might terminate by assuring the writer that black is not white. ‘ *A fructibus eorum cognoscetis eos* ’ is the motto which the writer has flamed upon his title-pages. We are quite willing to accept it. Did he ever hear of the fruits of ‘ malice, hatred, envy, and all uncharitableness ? ’ The black poison-berries have brought forth their fruit in this volume. But we must justify this harsh criticism ; we will pluck a few bunches of these grapes of Sodom. Truly, as we read these choice morsels, we said with the poet :—

‘ The ancient spirit is not dead ;
Old times methinks are breathing here.’

Here our able and amiable writer contemplates *the purpose of all Protestant Missions.*

‘ *Such is everywhere the influence, when they have any, of Protestant missionaries. To generate corruption and immorality, without producing even the semblance of religious conviction ; to destroy faith, but never to inspire it ; and to hinder those who, in spite of their poverty,*

* *Christian Missions ; their Agents, their Method, and their Results.* By T. W. M. Marshall. Three Volumes. London : Burns and Lambert. Brussels : H. Goemaere.

know how to kindle the light of truth and charity in all hearts—such is their deplorable work. And their partisans at home are never weary of sending them money to be employed in such aims.'

POOR PROTESTANTISM.

'We have seen Him, who knows how to dispense His own gifts, pouring out in all lands the most stupendous graces on one class, and peremptorily refusing them to every other.'

'And while the emissaries of the Sects,—salaried apostles of a mutilated Gospel, from which they have excluded all which might disturb their repose or restrain their earthly appetites; to whom even Divine bounty refuses all but purely natural gifts, and deprives even these of their efficacy; who call themselves missionaries, but live like merchants, and vainly invite the pagan to the practice of virtues which they can neither teach him to love nor aid him to acquire,—are everywhere making Christianity a proverb, its cruel dissensions a by-word, and its ministers a jest among the heathen.'

THE ORIGIN OF PROTESTANTISM.

'It is true that this second revelation, unlike the first, was promulgated neither from Mount Sinai nor from Jerusalem, but from London, Geneva, and Glasgow; and that its most conspicuous prophets were neither saints nor martyrs, but polygamist princes, lascivious priests, and apostate monks.'

PROTESTANT MISSIONARIES.

'Traders and adventurers, with hardly an exception, hateful to the barbarians whom they oppressed, as well as to the English and American merchants, who found in them their keenest rivals.'

'Protestantism is the last scourge of heathenism:' this is so great and important a proposition, that it is many times repeated throughout the book.

MISSIONS TO THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

'The poor natives had by this time been robbed of everything else, and even the missionaries could find nothing more to steal from them but their land, which, with the help of "offended heaven," they were prepared to do.'

Missionaries in China. *'There is as much devotion in all the Protestant Missionaries we know of in the South of China as there is in a bootjack. They are dead to the voice of truth, and are content to eat the bread of idleness as long as they possess the power to deceive the patrons who maintain them. The fact is, Protestant Missionary labour in the South of China is a grand swindle'* (Vol. iii. 413).

American Missionaries in the Levant are *'heresiarchs from the caverns of hell'* (Vol. iii. 426).

Our readers will now perceive how these pages are strewn with these flowers and ornaments, and choice adornments of speech; but through fourteen or fifteen hundred pages the reader will meet with only the kind of literary curiosities, specimens of which we have given. We are not surprised that a bigoted Papist should tell us, in writing a history of missions, that 'there is all on *one* side' (the Romish), 'and nothing on the other, the Protestant;' that they only reflect honour on the Roman Catholic Church, and cast a deep shade on the history of Protestantism; that, of course (vol. iii. 429), we are not surprised to hear that 'Popish Missions bear all the marks of the City of God, and the Protestant all the marks of the City of Confusion.' But when he tells us that 'the *emissaries*'—when he speaks of Protestant Missionaries they are never missionaries, always '*emissaries*'—'have created in the desert a pandemonium of tumult and disorder, so full of division and discord that the evil spirits might well congregate there from all the dry places of the earth, and deem that they had found their last true home' (vol. iii. p. 3); when we are told that 'everything in two systems' exists only in contrast—faith and works, motion and action, life and death—differing so widely that the ministers of the two religions might almost be deemed beings of a different race;' when we are told that 'records of weakness, and shame, and strife, and impurity make up the tale of Protestant Missions, even as told by Protestant historians' (vol. iii. 423); when we are told that 'Protestantism sets up a spurious type of the Christian life, idle, effeminate, and luxurious, a miserable caricature of the Christian Church' (vol. iii. 433); when we are told that 'Protestant Missionaries have revived the blasphemies against the Blessed Trinity and the Incarnation, which had been almost unknown in the world for a thousand years;' when we are told that 'it is the mission of Protestantism to scatter and destroy;' and that 'in this its emissaries find their delight;' that 'one system has produced martyrs, the other merchants;' finally—not because there are no more such gems to cite, but because we weary of the citation—when we are told that in the history of the two missions—

'We seem to witness in our own day, but on a larger scale and with more impressive results, the application of that terrible test which Elias dared to propose, long ages ago, to the servants of Baal, when he said, "Call ye on the names of your gods, and I will call on the name of my Lord: and *the God that shall answer by fire*, let him be God." *Once more we have heard the false prophets calling, "from morn even till noon," for the fire from heaven which will not descend at their cry.* Once more we have listened to the prayer of the

true apostle, sure of his own vocation, and venturing to deluge the sacrifice, the altar, and the trench round about it, with floods of water; but at whose word "the fire of the Lord fell, and consumed the holocaust, and the wood, and the stones, and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench." *They are enemies, more implacable than the ministers of Baal, who have unwittingly recounted for us this memorable scene, not, as of old, in the solitudes of Mount Carmel, but in every continent of the earth, and every island of the sea.'*

We do not doubt at all the disposition of Popish priests to call down fire, and to use it as an argument whenever the opportunity occurs. We have abundant evidence of this; but we believe now that even before we advance further our readers will agree with us that this book must be a bad one, even although it has received the commendation of the *Athenæum*. That journal is never wanting when a sneer is needed for Protestant, and a smile of approbation for the priest.

The characterisations of individual Protestant Missionaries have the same gentle amiability of *Catholic* feeling! Thus we learn that the saintly *Heber*, whose hymns are so dear to many hearts, was a 'refined semi-pagan.' *Henry Martyn* was a mere 'love-sick and tearful' [sentimentalist. Schwartz 'salaried his converts,' and they were, after all, only 'proverbial for their profligacy.' Of *John Williams* we read that—

'History, while it deplores his melancholy fate, can never admit his claim to the title of "martyr." *If this unfortunate gentleman, by his own or his children's act, provoked the just reprisals of men whom they had cruelly injured and robbed, the frightful penalty may inspire sorrow and regret, but nothing more.'*

There is not a Protestant Missionary whose name does not become a target for the reviling of this cursing Popish Rabshakeh. Marshman, Carey, and Morrison were indebted for all their attainments, poor as they were, to Jesuits; but '*Marshman and Carey's* works have been abandoned as worthless, even by their co-religionists.' '*Morrison* procured the Chinese Dictionary of Father Basil, and printed it anew, announcing to the learned world that he was himself the author of it.' '*Judson's* only notion of converting the heathen was to give them tracts, which they used as waste paper.' He makes some exceptions from his sweeping censures, but in the following terms:—

'Perhaps there are only two men in the whole army of Protestant Missionaries—*Heber* and *Livingstone*—whose pages are unsullied by the dismal jargon of cant, and whose manly natures disdained to sacrifice to the comic divinities of Methodism, the Pan and Silenus of the conventicle.'

And in the following words the amiable author gives

A SUMMARY OF THE AIMS AND RESULTS OF PROTESTANT MISSIONS
AND MISSIONARIES.

‘And when they have pulled down these unfortunate men [the heathen] to their own level, they call it “bringing them under Zion’s King;” and having collected together a few such as these, by exciting lust, or avarice, or both,—having sapped all faith and religion in them, and taught them to sing their shame in texts of Scripture,—they call them “God’s infant church!” “Woe to you,” said our Lord to such as these, “because you shut the kingdom of heaven against men, for you yourselves do not enter in, and those that are going in *you suffer not to enter*. . . . For this you shall receive the greater judgment. Woe to you, because you go round about the sea and the land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, you make him the child of hell twofold more than yourselves.”’

Mr. Marshall thinks, of course, as badly of the Societies as he does of the Missionaries. He sweeps all beneath the classification of S. G. O. of the *Times*, as exhibiting a system of deliberate fraud. ‘English Missionary Societies,’ we are told, ‘use all the tricks of traders and attorneys; they exactly resemble, except in their ostensible object, those of commercial associations of the meaner class. No mercantile houses take more pains to solicit orders than do the Societies, of which some are simply large trading firms dealing with the money of others.’

But we must do Mr. Marshall the justice we should vainly expect him to render to us. He *has* a theory to maintain; he fancies he even has an argument. To support and to illustrate ‘apostolic success is the test of Christian truth.’ ‘By their fruits ye shall know them.’ The universal experience of the day is, that Catholic missions to the heathen have everywhere succeeded, Protestant missions have uniformly failed; therefore the Catholic religion is Christian truth, and Protestantism is not so. This is the doctrine Mr. Marshall sets himself to illustrate and enforce; but his conception of apostolicity is asceticism. Marriage and all such unhallowed states of life fall in for a profusion of sneers, and it is clearly Mr. Marshall’s opinion that nothing short of the ascetic life can change the hearts of heathen and pagans, or transform social manners from barbarism to Christianity. This is with Romanists a settled conclusion; it is a foregone conclusion to all their arguments. Thus, then, Romanism is like itself; it has to propagate and maintain a lie before it has any adequate hopes of success, for asceticism maintained as a doctrine is a lie. We have not here anything to allege against those who become ‘Eunuchs for Christ’s sake.’ They may have, as the prophet says, ‘a name and a place better

than that of sons and of daughters ;' but they form in that case the exception to the human rule. This we are certain is not the Divine method in human societies. The Romanist maintains, and Mr. Marshall maintains in this book, that this is the ideal state of man. Thus priests do indeed look forward to an elevation over their converts, by their elevation over all human feelings and emotions, and in these volumes we have a renewal of all these copious arguments for, and assertions of, the superiority of the Romish system. This is no place for entering into the argument. We do not now notice, with any intention of refuting, the positions maintained by this writer. We think it of much more importance that the savage should regard the missionary as a man accessible to all his own sins, sorrows, infirmities, and joys, than as a god set apart from him by a great gulf of icy inhumanity. That the priest is usually separated from his crouching auditors by a vast *crevasse* of indifference, of human hopes, and fears, and ambitions—this is not our ideal of the missionary. These volumes of Mr. Marshall abound in sneers—flippant, and sometimes as intense as such a nature as his can be—upon 'domestic joys.' It is a charge he frequently prefers against the missionary, that he marries and becomes a father. This he calls 'incontinence!' Nor does he seem at all able to distinguish, or separate in his own mind, the sins of the demoralized from the virtues of the quiet and holy husband and father.

A real want in our Christian literature is a history of Christian missions, a history which might embrace a review of all that either the Papist or the Protestant has sought to effect, and all that they have effected. In such a review it is scarcely possible to allege the prevalence of an opinion as an argument in favour of its truth. The Papist says, See how *we* prevail! It may not be amiss to remind him that there are systems which prevail still more extensively—Buddhism, and Hindooism, and Mohammedanism. How extensively *they* prevail! How vast an empire such opinions, or rather such delusions, boast! We are in the habit of arguing that the ignorant and benighted heathen frequently finds a *nexus* and ligature of sympathy with Romanism; but it is by no means a *nexus* of sympathy with what is highest. On the contrary, it is rather with what is lowest in man. The power of Romanism, very sensuously, is very consistently maintained. Over such minds it employs the senses to delude, and it dethrones them still, to enslave by robes and innumerable sensual charms and attractions. It ensnares the lover of spells and sacrificial immolations to the belief that the system of the new teacher is at no great remove from his own,

while the ascetic triumphs in his power over human weakness ; and that which indeed reduces the priest to less than a man, makes him, in the sight of the trembling neophyte, a god. Thus the whole triumph of the priest is born in falsehood—in an essential misconception of what now constitutes priesthood before God. Of course we know, as in the records of these volumes, that the priest can cringe—cringe as low as any snake or worm ; but when, by cringing, the thing has worked its way, how it can raise its crest, and hiss, and strike out its fangs and sting, and coil and crush ; how its lithe and subtle coil swells and intervovles its ample folds of glittering scaly slime ! If anything beyond the most simple knowledge of the genius of the Papal system were wanted to justify these remarks, we find them in the eulogy of the author of this work upon the notorious and infamous Jesuit missionary, Adam Schaal. That amazing diplomatist consecrated to the service of his order a power of strategy, a knowledge of the power and forces of modern science, which could not fail to make him acceptable to a people able to admire and to imitate. He appears to have renounced all claim to be regarded as Christian, in the looseness with which he surrendered himself to the religious observances of the country in which he sought to make converts. We freely admit that the triumphs of the human will in many Jesuit missionaries is marvellous ; but what a history, what an abandonment to utter irreligion does many a famous missionary story reveal !

We again say that we shall be glad to hail a work that shall in a philosophic spirit analyse, and, in a truly Christian and catholic spirit, shall narrate the results of missionary enterprise. For the task he has assigned himself Mr. Marshall is altogether unfitted ; he has no grasp of it. He has accumulated information from many books ; but his honesty cannot be trusted. We could cite innumerable instances of misquotation. This is his prime and chief recommendation—he can garble cleverly. Thus, for instance, Dr. Livingstone is cited to bear testimony against Protestant missionaries ; but that illustrious traveller expressly says, as the result of all his travels and observations, that he formed a greatly elevated opinion of the latent effects of missions in the South of Africa, among tribes reported to be as savage as the Makololo. ‘The indirect benefits,’ he says, ‘which to a casual observer lie beneath the surface, and are inappreciable in reference to the probable wide diffusion of Christianity at some future time, are worth all the money and labour that have been expended to produce them.’ The honesty of Mr. Marshall cannot be trusted, neither can his knowledge. Such men may read tons

of books, but they read with leathern spectacles over their eyes; but even upon matters of fact innumerable ignorances crop up, as where he informs us that 'the Rev. William Ellis is a clergyman of the Church of England, well known by his writings on China, Polynesia, &c. ;' but he does not appear to have read any of them. Even in other matters of criticism we cannot trust the judgment of the writer. In the following language our author deals with a version of the Scriptures for the Sandwich Islands. We may premise that every Protestant version of the Scriptures is cast aside with scorn. Protestants have grasped no language; they have derived all from the Jesuits; their labours are wholly worthless. But let us judge of Mr. Marshall's critical analysis:—

'The Rev. Sheldon Dibble, one of their teachers, has told us how the Bible is constructed for the use of Sandwich Islanders. The reader will judge whether the heathen in China, India, and elsewhere, have any reason to complain that their brethren in the Pacific have been better treated than themselves. "*Manao* means thought," Mr. Dibble informs us, "and *io* means true, or real; so the combination, *manaoio*, is used for faith." The inquisitive disciple of these islands, therefore, if he can read at all, and if he has not used his Bible for some purpose not contemplated by the donor, has now the opportunity of learning, by the aid of the Bible Society and its intelligent stipendiaries, that Christian faith means "real thought." But as St. Paul speaks of "hope and charity," as well as of faith, he has considerably increased the embarrassment of his translators. "Charity" they give up in despair, as the Sandwich Islander knows nothing about it, has no word by which to express it, and has even unlearned, thanks to European example, the native courtesy and hospitality which used to do duty for it. But as "hope" is really indispensable to creatures looking forward to eternity, they resolved at least to secure that important virtue. They did it after this manner. "*Manao* means thought, and *lana* means buoyant; so the combination, *manaolana*, is made by us to express hope;"—from which felicitous combination it follows, that whenever a Sandwich Islander conceives the timid "hope" that he may one day reach the paradise of Christians, he is only indulging, though he would perhaps be surprised to hear it, in the pleasures of "buoyant thought." Whether this can be considered a satisfactory treatment or an adequate exposition of the Theological Virtues, we need not consider; but we may at least be allowed to compassionate the unfortunate heathen who is taught by such masters, that the only difference between Christian Faith and Hope is this, that the one is "real" and the other "buoyant" thought.

Indeed, we think the translation rather a striking presentment of the truth. Our faith is a real thought, firm and fixed, true and trusting; and our hope is this, and more,—it is cheerful and buoyant. We even think the scholarly Marshall might have tried his hand upon the matter and have done worse.

These, however, are quite the minor keys of difference ; our objection is to his whole theory of Missions. His objection to Protestant Missions is, that they cultivate too much commercial relationships. Where opportunities offer we find that Popish missionaries also are praised, that they 'found good farms, and bring land into admirable cultivation;' but we believe they have not often done this. The Popish Church has a far greater aptitude, we know, for the creation of vagabonds and villains than merchants or farmers, or men. We may confidently appeal to what it is in proof of this—it does not cultivate or develope the mind of man. It will, we believe, have to be increasingly seen that there is and must be a relation between the power over the arts of life, over the knowledge of the laws of health and disease, over the sciences of agriculture and architecture, over the knowledge of the means by which the earth is to be made productive, and the powers by which the soul of the savage may be reduced to subjection to the truth. A savage nation must be commanded through the senses. The Papist has this key to the soul he conquers ; he has this, and a merciless and remorseless disregard to truth. The Protestant must go forth 'with length of days in his right hand,' and in his left hand 'riches and honours.' It needs to be more shown that there is a one essential difference between the two systems in this method of attack upon the fortresses of heathenism, and we believe the more honest and manly will be the most successful.

Every work on Missions must now be imperfect which does not take note of the great lines of ethnological discovery. The writer of these wretched volumes does not even refer to this. The books are a huge, conglomerate mass, where, unfortunately, not a single fossil is preserved from the cataclysmic crash ; there is no review of the adequacy or inadequacy of certain systems of religious culture and thought to meet certain states that blind their mind. There is no perception that there are races far in the rear of others in all that belongs to ripeness or fitness for the reception of the truths of the Gospel. He has no vision of what man is in relation to nature around him, in relation to the forms and the peculiarities of heathenism which oppress him. He only sees one thing—that every Protestant, and especially every Protestant Missionary, is a debased and demoralized scoundrel, and every Missionary Society composed of a gang of swindlers. This is all that he beholds in his estimate of the philosophy of Protestant Missions. An amiable, broad, and ingenuous spirit ! And yet there is more than this, although he is unable to see it. His work has produced in us a real wish to see the subject grasped by a hand of ability, and nobility, and power.

We trust that our moral sensibilities will never be so far benumbed that we shall be unable to 'render honour to whom honour is due.' We have read with great pleasure 'The Personal Narrative' of the Abbé Domenech.* We have seldom read a volume of missionary travels more entertaining ; but admirable as is the heroism of the man, it altogether illustrates the wholly false idea, as we think, of the whole Catholic theory. Of course, the Catholic religion and faith are altogether in a set of magic charms and observances, and these are played off upon the natives frequently under most ludicrous circumstances. Our admiration is tinged with pity as we read, and our sense of the piety glows into a sense of the childishness of men who can find it necessary to play at priests in grave circumstances, as the Abbé Domenech narrates. He is speaking of his own deprivations, and he glances aside at the deprivations of his brother clergy :—

'One time, the Abbé Dubuis fancied that he stood in need of a necessary article of dress. Well, out of a blue cotton petticoat, which a widower had given on the occasion of his wife's death, he made for himself a pair of pantaloons. On another occasion, he *prayed his congregation to pardon him if he did not preach to them ; his strength was not equal to it, he said ; he had not touched food for forty-eight hours !* For a long time we had only one cassock between us ; so that whilst one said mass, the other walked about in his shirt-sleeves. I met the missionary priest of Brazoria on one occasion. The good man's pantaloons were of a blue colour, and very wide ; his coat of black cotton velvet ; the shape and colour of his hat baffled all description. A kind of old tin bath, without a bottom, served him for bed, altar to say mass, and dining table.'

Certainly it is a good thing to believe ; but to believe in 'an old tin bath without a bottom !' Truly such priests may say, 'We have an altar ;' yet thus it is that Romanism asserts itself and grows. Yet we really admire the brave young Abbé Domenech. We admire him battling with alligators and rattlesnakes ; we admire him eating them. We admire him conquering, albeit sometimes in a very material and pugilistic way, men not too well behaved ; and we can admire him, too, when he says that for his work 'a strength was needed to be found only at the foot of the cross ;' but there are many instances, even in the adventures of so admirable a man as the Abbé, which a man like Mr. Marshall would find no difficulty in twisting into an absence of generosity and mag-

* 'Missionary Adventures in Texas and Mexico : a Personal Narrative of Six Years' Sojourn in those Regions.' By the Abbé Domenech.

namity, if not into the manifestation of a base forgetfulness of duty, could the same be traced to a Protestant missionary. For our own parts there are few men, we think, have stronger claims upon our gratitude and affection than missionaries, when they are holy, devoted, and true. We have perceived, in many instances in our own circle, a want of appreciation of the men. Our Church in this age sadly too much regards the showy and the ostensible. Missionaries are not usually esteemed highly for their work's sake. We believe that the reception of the Abbé Domenech in Rome would contrast unfavourably for us, with the reception of the Abbé by the Pope. We must quote this. The Abbé says:—

‘Arrived at Civita Vecchia, I had the five francs in my pocket, but this was not quite enough to pay my way to Rome; and experience had already taught me that it is a far more difficult business to travel without money in a civilised than in a barbarian country. Still I did not lose heart at a trifle of this kind, but made up my mind to go to Rome on foot, by daily marches, like the soldiers.

‘In the eternal city in vain I sought gratuitous hospitality. I put myself into the hands of Providence for the payment of my expenses, and I asked an audience of the Holy Father, who at once acceded to my request.

‘I was very poorly clad, but at the Vatican a man is not judged by his dress. His Holiness received me with his accustomed benevolence. He would not have me kiss his toe, but gave me his hand. During my life I had never seen features so full of sympathy, so kind, or so venerable. Our conversation was a long one, and turned naturally on the missions, on the Indians in general, and on my own affairs in particular. I briefly told my adventures, and the Holy Father replied, “I see, dear child, that you are inured to misery.”

“So much so,” I replied, “that even in Rome it quits me not.”

“How so?”

‘I then frankly avowed my pecuniary embarrassments, for my five francs had totally disappeared. His Holiness smiled, and seeing my confidence in God, said to me, “Since you travel on the business of Providence, His vicar shall pay your travelling expenses.” And suiting the action to the word, His Holiness gave me a handful of gold. On my side I took out of my pocket the mocassins, which were folded in a morsel of torn paper, and presented them to the Holy Father, who examined the embroidery, and praised the ingenuity of the Indians. The noble simplicity and affecting benevolence of Pope Pius IX. are too well known for me to dwell on this tête-à-tête, the remembrance of which is still to me a sweet consolation.’

There is something in the tone of this very French like; there is the flaunt of a finely-coloured sentimentality about it, and at the best, with all the vivid painting of, and response to,

natural scenery, will not compare with the simple and unadorned narrative of Dr. Livingstone; and if we wanted in two scenes to sum the whole relative life of Popish and Protestant Missions, we would point for the first to the Abbé Domenech celebrating mass on an old tin bath without a bottom, for the altar, and the nobler sight of Livingstone in the tent of the Sechell, on the banks of the Zambezi, in the deep night of the African wilderness, reciting the words of Isaiah, or the story of Paul, till the savage kindled into admiration. It is the story of the difference between the actor and the man.

Mr. Marshall, however, greatly regrets the poverty of his Church, and sighs over the wealth of Exeter Hall. In plaintive words he exclaims, 'If England had only remained Catholic, it is probable that at this hour there would not have been a pagan altar in the world.' Sublime thought! the whole genius of the world stunted down to the dimensions of the Vatican and the morality of Alexander VI. ! In that case this anthem also might have been sung :—

' Thus beggars all, assassins all,
All cannibals we be;
And Death shall have one funeral
From shipless sea to sea.'

But the enormous curse has been averted, and we are glad that the writer thinks England of sufficient importance to stand between the world and the Papacy. Did Mr. Marshall ever hear of a people called Moravians? They have also Missionary Societies which have effected something for the world. They are not even mentioned in the book, so far as we have seen.

V.

BICENTENARY BICKERINGS.*

A DESPERATE effort is being made, by the *Record* of some of its clerical partisans, to prove that Dissenters are fellows without grandfathers. Canon Miller and Dr. Magee, Mr. Clifford and several others, led on by their remarkably holy and orthodox journal, have surprised us not a little by the baldness of their information with reference to the history and

How did they get there? or, The Nonconforming Ministers of 1662. A Question for those who would celebrate the Bicentenary of St. Bartholomew's Day, 1662. London: Wertheim & Macintosh.

principles of Nonconformists, and the badness of their own temper. The amiable *Record*, with that choice of diction for which it has obtained a wide notoriety, declares the celebration of the Bicentenary to be ‘a worthless sham and a hollow counterfeit;’ but imbecility itself has become sane in comparison with the wisdom which has dictated the estimable little *brochure* we have mentioned at the head of this article. Its author is very historical—quite up in all that sort of thing; and he finds that this Bicentenary movement is an effort to ‘*hurl down the poor old Church of England after eighteen centuries of usefulness!!!*’

‘Poor old Church of England!’ Now, we must say this is rather a disrespectful mode of speech for a son to use of a mother so much beloved. We might adopt it; but really for a devoted child the language ought to be more respectfully guarded. And then, is there not a little confusion in our ‘dear son’s’ mind? Is the Church of England, as by law established, quite eighteen hundred years old? Is there not a slight mistake of some fifteen or sixteen centuries? England itself has not been popularly understood to have quite so distant an ancestry. True the mistake may be ours, for this admirable historian has had access to sources of information which have not only escaped our weak and contracted vision, but every other historical seeker too. What an interesting little document, for instance, is the following fact, in which we are informed that ‘only three hundred and thirty-one meeting-houses were built for the ejected, and that every one of them has since become a meeting-place for Socinians!’ The only one of the ejected ministers so fortunate as to receive a word of sympathy from our painstaking little tractarian is Richard Baxter. ‘But even of *Baxter* we learn, and learn to our consolation and joy, that ‘*he was not persecuted or hardly dealt by!!!*’

With great delight we shall henceforth know that the somewhat famous report of Baxter’s trial is a wicked fiction. This ingenious and ingenuous author says, ‘I think Baxter was wrong, but I cannot see that the Church could in fairness have done much more. Nothing but perversity can say that Baxter was ‘ill-treated!’ Oh sad! Then we are brought to this pass—we have to confess ourselves perverse. The author, we sometimes think, confuses a little things political and things religious in the glorious age of the Stuarts, as when he tells us that ‘when the hour of retribution returned’ (*i.e.* the restoration of Charles II.), ‘the country endured even the cruelties of a Jeffreys, with all his atrocious doings, rather than return to the tender mercies of your’—that is, the Nonconformist—‘unscrip-

tural and impossible system.' And there is much more in the same excellent vein. The author could, we believe, find something to say for Jeffreys himself, and would certainly vindicate many proceedings which even Churchmen themselves have become ashamed of. He closes his noble performance with the following words of solemn warning. Jeffreys was in the habit of satirising 'the whine of the conventicle.' We never heard, we believe, a genuine whine until we read the following solemn exhortation :—

'Beware how you aid the political Dissenter. Take care lest you really thereby aid the Secularist, the Socinian, and the Infidel. Where is the primitive personal piety which once won for the Dissenter the respect of those who heartily differed from his opinions? Is it not rapidly wasting? Is it not almost gone? Is true religion the great thing sought and practised in your community? *You find fault with our patronage.* Is your own plan of appointment (to say nothing of the fallacy of your so-called "ordinations") half as good? Are not your men practically appointed by persons who are not even "members," if only they chance to be "rich supporters?" You talk of persecution—are not your ministers bullied and persecuted if haply they turn out (as in time is almost always the case) to be "unpopular?" Take heed what you are doing. The political Dissenter and the Secularist are powerless without your influence, small though your number be. These other men would obtain no moral hold on the people if there was no religious support granted to them. You are giving this. You unconsciously are affording them that very influence they are too irreligious to possess, and by which great harm may ensue. Pause, and reflect! Consider, with eternity before you, whether your duty be not rather to return to the Old Church of your forefathers, the ancient, Scriptural, Apostolical Church of England. Anyhow, mind how you give support to political Dissenters, Secularists, and Infidels. And when the orators pour forth their bitter invectives against the Church of England in reference to the ejected sufferers of 1662, recollect how many Nonconformists ceased their Nonconformity, and remained in the Church; what was done to encourage all to remain; and how **THEY AT FIRST GOT THERE.**'

We are free to confess our fears that we have wasted our readers' time with this rubbish, but this is a fair specimen of the way in which a large class of clergymen can not only talk about Nonconformists, but actually believe their own speech of perverse ignorance.

What is the meaning of the Bicentenary Celebration? Is it a civil or a religious movement? The parties in the Church of England, who have remarked upon it, neither seem to understand their own position, nor ours. Why do we point the admiring

finger to the two thousand men? Is it because we think in all matters as they thought—because we know that our thought was theirs? By no means. It is rather because we feel as they felt; it is to celebrate the pre-eminence of conscience, not of a system. In one particular those men certainly were our ancestors—they left the Church of the Establishment. They could not remain in it; conscience could not find its home in it. Because Nonconformists claim them as their ancestors, it was never supposed there was not an ancestry beyond theirs. The ignorance of Dr. Miller and the *Record* upon this matter is marvellous. The *Record*, in characterising the celebration of the Bicentenary as ‘a desperate effort of the political leaders of the Liberation Society to rally the scattered forces of Dissent, and concentrate them for an ungodly attack upon the Church of England,’ quotes, with evident misconception, a passage from Richard Winter Hamilton. It had been reminded that the context gave to the intention of the whole passage another meaning; but with the characteristic mendacity too common in religious newspapers, although seldom so boldly avowed, it exclaims, ‘Context, context! what have we to do with context?’ This is *non mi ricordo* with a vengeance—not much in the way of the *Record*, we fear. Still contexts are of importance; and we may remind the editor that it is indeed true that Congregationalists claim an ancestry beyond the days of the expelled two thousand. Heard the editor ever of one Master Richard Hooker, and of a certain book called ‘The Ecclesiastical Polity?’ and does he know that that not altogether unknown book was written to confute certain doctrines about Church government taught by one Thomas Cartwright and others? Heard the editor ever of such men as John Penry and Henry Barrow? and does he not know that in Cromwell’s day a large part of the army of the Protector were Independents? We do assure him that Congregationalists really have had grandfathers, and long before the period when the two thousand men were driven forth, ‘no friend, no home, no refuge but their God.’ And there is a remark to be made here—it is a curious thing to notice how hardly a lie dies, certain Church of England periodicals set forth, upon the repetition of certain exploded and dispersed fictions from the pages of ‘Walker’s History of the Seceders,’ and ‘Dr. Gray’s Notes on Neal,’ and a rectified mistake of old Thomas Fuller, referring to the number of the ejected, and the causes of their ejection in the days of Cromwell; but just as if the lie had not been demonstrated to be a lie, it is repeated from paper to paper, and platform to platform. We should like to see a very concise statement and reply—in the *Nonconformist*, January 15, 1862—printed at once by one of the

Bicentenary Committees in a separate form, for general distribution. The *English Churchman* had said:—

‘Now the first thing to strike any impartial mind, in every outcry against the deprivation of the Presbyterian and Independent ministers in 1662, is the fact that no notice is ever taken of the way in which these deprived ministers came by their benefices and cures. Yet the simple fact—to put it as abstractedly as possible—that B is turned out of his possession to make way for A is considerably modified by the addition of a second fact, equally simple—namely, that A was the original possessor, and was turned out to make way for B some ten or a dozen years ago! *And this is a dry historical truth in the case of the deprivation on St. Bartholomew’s Day.*’

It is proved that in most instances the cause of the sequestration of the clergy was on account of their scandalous and immoral lives. Of that scandalousness and immorality there is abundant evidence. The number of such sequestrations is stated at between six and seven thousand persons. It is proved from Calamy that the real number was about 2,500; and the striking portion of the refutation of the fable is, that the sequestered clergy were really restored to their livings two years before the ejection of St. Bartholomew’s Day. The first case of restoration took place May 18th, 1660, before Charles II. had arrived in England. The truth is that many of those who were ejected in 1662 were expelled from livings they had held many years, as in the case of Mr. Newton, the co-pastor of Joseph Alleine, of St. Margaret, of Taunton.

But we take the true aspect of this Bicentenary Celebration to be its relation to that which Mr. Goldwin Smith truly calls the greatest question of the age, the question of the relation of the Church to the State. We look upon that great fermenting spiritual and religious vat, the Episcopal Establishment, in its state of yeast, where to be is not to know what the communicant is to believe, or what doctrine the teacher holds or declares—in which every contending sectary, without conscience enough to quit, finds a home. The *Record* and its party dare to twit the Congregationalist with Socinianism. What may the Congregationalist charge upon the Church of the Establishment? Socinianism! Nay, every creed, every rag of a creed, finds a possibility of maintaining itself near its shrines. Are not the ‘Essays and Reviews’ translated into Bengalee, and sold and circulated by pious Hindoos on the banks of the Ganges, to show the relation of the ideology of English Christians to the Pantheism of their own creed? Go into any large town, and you will chance to find that every kind of conscience may meet satisfaction in the aisles of the English Church. This, then, is

the lesson we learn from the men of 1662—the sovereignty and supremacy of conscience, faithfulness to conviction ; and we take the movement to be an indication of the need felt by too large a portion of the nation to be despised, for an entire re-adjustment of the properties and the position of the National Church. It will be found that so large an amount of fact and common sense comes to interpret immeasurable enormities of injustice, that the subject will be by no means settled by an insolent whiff from the *Saturday Review*, or a sanctimonious ‘Fie! fie!’ from the *Record*. Very true it is that the Bicentenary doings are becoming almost too mechanical for our taste, but thus it is with this age in everything. We must have cumbrous societies, large committees, and agitations by machinery. Well, we anticipate only a clearing of the fog from the public mind upon many matters connected with our religious state and history. We do not anticipate all that many anticipate, but we anticipate good. We should like to see some things done or attempted of which we have seen no mention made as yet. We trust we are no despondents ; but having nothing to do with any religious machinery, we can afford to say that profoundly attached to Nonconformist institutions as we are, there are many things far from satisfactory to us. There are undesirable things which are too corporate, and there are very desirable things which are not at all corporate. We are too anxious to make things, and too regardless to the procuring and the retaining of men. We hope and believe that something may come from the stir of this controversy of 1862 which will mend us. We trust that nothing will arise from it to mar us. It will doubtless be a controversy, and as Samuel Martin foreshadowed, in remarks which have met with a very undeserved and mistaken reprobation, there will doubtless be the severance of some friendships between the hands of Conformists and Nonconformists ; for it has been supposed long now that the sacrifice of principle was the price the latter was to pay for a small decency of courtesy from the former. But let the Nonconformist go forward to the tournament, taking to himself the whole armour of God, and he will not unfurl his banner or wage his warfare in vain. Let him ask himself, and let him ask the Churchman, what the ejected of 1662 say to the conscientious of 1862.

VI.

THE DEEPER WRONG.*

THE title of this book, we suppose, is derived from a line in Mrs. Browning's well-known, vehemently passionate outburst against slavery, 'The Runaway Slave at Pilgrim's Point'—

'Wrong followed by a deeper wrong.'

The author says, 'Be assured, reader, this is no fiction ;' and Mrs. Child, from her acquaintance with the author, gives her personal voucher for its veracity. There is nothing in the story surprising to us ; horrors as black and base have long been familiar to our knowledge. At the same time, it belongs to a class of facts usually kept veiled ; and Mrs. Child admits the probability that many readers will 'charge her with indecorum for presenting these pages to the public'—the virtuous public, so very sensitive and delicate about the stories of shame and crime. The history is a narrative illustrating the position of woman in slavery—the indignities to which a woman must be subjected who is a slave. The story is told with great vigour, and with wonderful moderation of temper and expression. The much-enduring and mistreated writer has suffered too many things, and too deeply, to heed the rush of feeling through the avenues of either speech or pen ; and we have only to say, take seventy-five per cent. off the story, and then believe that hell is incarnate in Southern society, and that devils have incubated the seed of the planter into the likeness of men. If this language seems strong, let the following anecdotes of the tender mercies of the planters be the reviewer's apology for his severity. They are anecdotes of the slave-holding neighbours of the author, Linda Brent. The following is told of a Mr. Litch :—

'A freshet once bore his wine cellar and meat house miles away from the plantation. Some slaves followed, and secured bits of meat and bottles of wine. Two were detected, a ham and some liquor being found in their huts. They were summoned by their master. No words were used, but a club felled them to the ground. A rough box was their coffin, and their interment was a dog's burial. Nothing was said.

'Murder was so common on his plantation that he feared to be alone after nightfall. He might have believed in ghosts.

* *The Deeper Wrong ; or, Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl.* Written by Herself. Edited by L. Maria Child. London : W. Tweedie.

'His brother, if not equal in wealth, was at least equal in cruelty. His bloodhounds were well trained. Their pen was spacious, and a terror to the slaves. They were let loose on a runaway, and, if they tracked him, they literally tore the flesh from his bones. When this slaveholder died, his shrieks and groans were so frightful that they appalled his own friends. His last words were, "I am going to hell; bury my money with me."

'After death his eyes remained open. To press the lids down, silver dollars were laid on them. These were buried with them. From this circumstance a rumour went abroad that his coffin was filled with money. Three times his grave was opened, and his coffin taken out. The last time his body was found on the ground, and a flock of buzzards were pecking at it. He was again interred, and a sentinel set over his grave. The perpetrators were never discovered.'

'The secrets of slavery are concealed like those of the Inquisition.' The writer says: 'My master was to my knowledge the father of eleven slaves; but did the mothers dare to tell who was the father of their children? No, indeed, they knew too well the terrible consequences.' The book is one long-continued tale of cruelties, such, for instance, as the following:—

'Cruelty is contagious in uncivilised communities. Mr. Conant, a neighbour of Mr. Litch, returned from town one evening in a partial state of intoxication. His body servant gave him some offence. He was divested of his clothes, except his shirt, whipped, and tied to a large tree in front of the house. It was a stormy night in winter. The wind blew bitterly cold, and the boughs of the old tree crackled under falling sleet. A member of the family, fearing he would freeze to death, begged that he might be taken down; but the master would not relent. He remained there three hours; and, when he was cut down, he was more dead than alive. Another slave, who stole a pig from this master to appease his hunger, was terribly flogged. In desperation, he tried to run away; but at the end of two miles he was so faint with loss of blood, he thought he was dying. He had a wife, and he longed to see her once more. Too sick to walk, he crept back that long distance on his hands and knees. When he reached his master's it was night. He had not strength to rise and open the gate. He moaned, and tried to call for help. I had a friend living in the same family. At last his cry reached her. She went out and found the prostrate man at the gate. She ran back to the house for assistance, and two men returned with her. They carried him in and laid him on the floor; the back of his shirt was one clot of blood. By means of lard, my friend loosened it from the raw flesh. She bandaged him, gave him cool drink, and left him to rest. The master said he deserved a hundred more lashes. When his own labour was stolen from him, he had stolen food to appease his hunger. This was his crime.

'Another neighbour was a Mrs. Wade. At no hour of the day was

there cessation of the lash on her premises. Her labours began with the dawn, and did not cease till long after nightfall. The barn was her particular place of torture. There she lashed the slaves with the might of a man. An old slave of hers once said to me, "It is hell in missis's house. 'Pears I can never get out. Day and night I prays to die."

'Another time I saw a woman rush wildly by, pursued by two men. She was a slave, the wet nurse of her mistress's children. For some trifling offence her mistress ordered her to be stripped and whipped. To escape the degradation and the torture, she rushed to the river, jumped in, and ended her wrongs in death.'

The author of this book was a bright girl, we suppose, very nearly white, a fervid, clear, intelligent nature, but a slave, and therefore separated by a great gulf from the white human sisterhood around her. She says :—

'Reader, it is not to awaken sympathy for myself that I am telling you truthfully what I suffered in slavery. I do it to kindle a flame of compassion in your hearts for my sisters who are still in bondage, suffering as I once suffered.

'Once I saw two beautiful children playing together. One was a fair white child ; the other was her slave, and also her sister. When I saw them embracing each other, and heard their joyous laughter, I turned sadly away from the lovely sight. I foresaw the inevitable blight that would fall on the little slave's heart. I knew how soon her laughter would be changed to sighs. The fair child grew up to be a still fairer woman. From childhood to womanhood her pathway was blooming with flowers, and overarched by a sunny sky. Scarcely one day of her life had been clouded when the sun rose on her happy bridal morning.

"How had those years dealt with her slave sister, the little playmate of her childhood? She, also, was very beautiful ; but the flowers and sunshine of love were not for her. She drank the cup of sin, and shame, and misery, whereof her persecuted race are compelled to drink.'

Southern women often marry a man, knowing that he is the father of many little slaves they do not trouble themselves about ; and Northerners have been not only willing, but proud to give their daughters in marriage to slave-holders. The young wife usually learns that the husband in whose hands she has placed her happiness pays no regard to his marriage vows. Children of every shade of complexion play with her own fair babies, and too well she knows that they are born unto him of his own household. The writer says :—

'I have myself known two Southern wives who exhorted their husbands to free those slaves towards whom they stood in a "parental relation ;" and their request was granted. These husbands blushed before the superior nobleness of their wives' natures. Though they

had only counselled them to do that which it was their duty to do, it commanded their respect, and rendered their conduct more exemplary. Concealment was at an end, and confidence took the place of distrust.'

And she continues: "You may well believe what I say, for I write only that whereof I know. I was twenty-one years in that cage of obscene birds. I can testify from my own experience and observation that slavery is a curse to the whites as well as the blacks: it makes the white fathers cruel and sensual, the sons violent and licentious, contaminates the daughters. The slave girl is reared in an atmosphere of licentiousness and fear. The lash and the foul talk of her master or his sons are her teachers. When she is fourteen or fifteen her owner, or his sons, or the overseer, or perhaps all of them, begin to bribe her with presents. If these fail to accomplish their purpose, she is whipped or starved into submission to their will.' There are few opportunities for pleasant gleams of humour in the book, and yet there are some; we instance, from others, the queer snatches of negro hymns. They often sing the following verses:—

- 'Ole Satan is one busy ole man;
He rolls dem blocks all in my way;
But Jesus is my bosom friend;
He rolls dem blocks away.
- 'If I had died when I was young,
Den how my stam'ring tongue would have sung;
But I am ole, and now I stand
A narrow chance for to tread dat heavenly land.'

And the following, which, we learn, they will sometimes sing as though they were as free as birds in the wild Southern woods:—

- 'Ole Satan thought he had a mighty aim;
He missed my soul, and caught my sins.
Cry Amen, cry Amen, cry Amen to God!
- 'He took my sins upon his back;
Went muttering and grumbling down to hell.
Cry Amen, cry Amen, cry Amen to God;
- 'Ole Satan's church is here below.
Up to God's free church I hope to go.
Cry Amen, cry Amen, cry Amen to God!'

And remembering how 'the Church (!!) in the Southern States winks at—nay, props and supports—slavery and all its horrible confederacies, we do not wonder that they should sing:—

- 'Ole Satan's church is here below;
Up to God's free church I hope to go.'

The following is a very touching and beautiful instance of the aptitude and quickness of some of the negro race for spiritual instruction:—

'I knew an old black man, whose piety and childlike trust in God were beautiful to witness. At fifty-three years old he joined the Baptist church. He had a most earnest desire to learn to read. He thought he should know how to serve God better if he could only read the Bible. He came to me, and begged me to teach him. He said he could not pay me, for he had no money; but he would bring me nice fruit when the season for it came. I asked him if he didn't know it was contrary to law, and that slaves were whipped and imprisoned for teaching each other to read. This brought the tears into his eyes. "Don't be troubled, uncle Fred," said I. "I have no thoughts of refusing to teach you. I only told you of the law, that you might know the danger, and be on your guard." He thought he could plan to come three times a week without its being suspected. I selected a quiet nook, where no intruder was likely to penetrate, and there I taught him his A, B, C. Considering his age his progress was astonishing. As soon as he could spell in two syllables he wanted to spell out words in the Bible. The happy smile that illuminated his face put joy into my heart. After spelling out a few words, he paused, and said, "Honey, it 'pears when I can read dis good book I shall be nearer to God. White man is got all de sense. He can larn easy. It ain't easy for ole black man like me. I only wants to read dis book, dat I may know how to live; den I hab no fear 'bout dying."

'I tried to encourage him by speaking of the rapid progress he had made. "Hab patience, child," he replied. "I larns slow."

'I had no need of patience. His gratitude, and the happiness I imparted, were more than a recompense for all my trouble.

'At the end of six months he had read through the New Testament, and could find any text in it. One day, when he had recited unusually well, I said, "Uncle Fred, how do you manage to get your lessons so well?"

"Lord bress you, chile," he replied. "You nebber gibs me a lesson dat I don't pray to God to help me to understan' what I spells and what I reads. And he does help me, chile. Bress his holy name!"

'There are thousands who, like good Uncle Fred, are thirsting for the water of life; but the law forbids it, and the Churches withhold it. They send the Bible to heathen abroad, and neglect the heathen at home.'

The story of the writer's escape from slavery is most affecting. What must be the horrors of the institution when such horrors are encountered in order to be saved from it in the disguise of a sailor, with a face blackened by charcoal! She escaped to a wharf, and was rowed out to a vessel by an uncle; after waiting some time on board, rowed out three miles to a famous refuge for runaway slaves, called Snaky Swamp:—

— 'My fear of snakes had been increased by the venomous bite I had

received, and I dreaded to enter this hiding-place. But I was in no situation to choose, and I gratefully accepted the best that my poor, persecuted friends could do for me.

‘Peter landed first, and with a large knife cut a path through bamboos and briers of all descriptions. He came back, took me in his arms, and carried me to a seat made among the bamboos. Before we reached it we were covered with hundreds of mosquitos. In an hour’s time they had so poisoned my flesh that I was a pitiful sight to behold. As the light increased, I saw snake after snake crawling round us. I had been accustomed to the sight of snakes all my life, but these were larger than any I had ever seen. To this day I shudder when I remember that morning. As evening approached, the number of snakes increased so much that we were continually obliged to thrash them with sticks to keep them from crawling over us. The bamboos were so high and so thick that it was impossible to see beyond a very short distance. Just before it became dark, we procured a seat nearer to the entrance of the swamp, being fearful of losing our way back to the boat. It was not long before we heard the paddle of oars, and the low whistle which had been agreed upon as a signal. We made haste to enter the boat, and were rowed back to the vessel. I passed a wretched night; for the heat of the swamp, the mosquitos, and the constant terror of snakes had brought on a burning fever. I had just dropped asleep, when they came and told me it was time to go back to that horrid swamp. I could scarcely summon courage to rise. But even those large, venomous snakes were less dreadful to my imagination than the white men in that community called civilised. This time Peter took a quantity of tobacco to burn, to keep off the mosquitos. It produced the desired effect on them, but gave me nausea and severe headache. At dark we returned to the vessel. I had been so sick during the day, that Peter declared I should go home that night, if the devil himself was on patrol. They told me a place of concealment had been provided for me at my grandmother’s. I could not imagine how it was possible to hide me in her house, every nook and corner of which was known to the Flint family. They told me to wait and see. We were rowed ashore, and went boldly through the streets to my grandmother’s. I wore my sailor’s clothes, and had blackened my face with charcoal. I passed several people whom I knew. The father of my children came so near that I brushed against his arm; but he had no idea who it was.

‘You must make the most of this walk,’ said my friend Peter, ‘for you may not have another very soon.’

‘I thought his voice sounded sad. It was kind of him to conceal from me what a dismal hole was to be my home for a long, long time.’

We cannot, of course, follow the recitation of all the hair-breadth escapes before the writer found herself in safety. In her hole of concealment she remained for years, the motive being not merely to escape from slavery, but to escape from the

licentious villany of her master. She was a mother, and thus she gives us a touching picture of a slave-mother's feelings when about to be separated from her child. The mother was still in concealment, visited by her child, brought by the uncle who had aided the escape :—

“Uncle,” she replied, “I will never tell.” He told her she might stay with me ; and when he had gone, I took her in my arms and told her I was a slave, and that was the reason she must never say she had seen me. I exhorted her to be a good child, to try to please the people where she was going, and that God would raise her up friends. I told her to say her prayers, and remember always to pray for her poor mother, and that God would permit us to meet again. She wept, and I did not check her tears. Perhaps she would never again have a chance to pour her tears into a mother's bosom. All night she nestled in my arms, and I had no inclination to slumber. The moments were too precious to lose any of them. Once, when I thought she was asleep, I kissed her forehead softly, and she said, “I am not asleep, dear mother.”

‘Before dawn they came to take me back to my den. I drew aside the window curtain, to take a last look of my child. The moonlight shone on her face, and I bent over her, as I had done years before, that wretched night when I ran away. I hugged her close to my throbbing heart ; and tears, too sad for such young eyes to shed, flowed down her cheeks, as she gave her last kiss, and whispered in my ear, “Mother, I will never tell.” And she never did.’

It is a harrowing story ; we can follow it no further. Our readers will be glad to know that if it does not end in happy marriage, it ends in happy freedom. We fear in many circles in this country there is a disposition to look leniently upon the South. To form an opinion upon the American question is, indeed, a difficulty ; but we must permit nothing to stand in the way of our reprobation of slavery as an institution. The publication of a volume like that which we have in this notice introduced to our readers will do much to keep alive a healthy hatred of the domestic abominations of slavery. We must not permit our commercial sympathies to entangle our moral sympathies. Indeed, there can be no hope for Southern commerce till the rights of man shall be acknowledged, and the rights of labour asserted as the true spring of a nation's strength. Certainly the volume cannot fail to be read with interest, and must in any reader's mind awaken sympathy and reflection.

SHORT NOTICES.

WE have in the *Town and Country Sermons*, by Charles Kingsley, M. A., Rector of Eversley, &c. (Parker, Son, & Bourn), the repetition of that popular writer's well-known style of speech and thought. One of the Sermons in this volume we ourselves heard. We have often wondered that, like other preachers of the Establishment, Mr. Kingsley should cast aside all the distinctions of his genius when he begins to preach: it is evident that his highest audience, in his estimation, is spoken to through his fictions, and many will commend this and praise the simple unadorned common sense and style of these Sermons. Certainly, too, hearers of Mr. Kingsley have no chance to go to sleep; the Sermons, ordinarily, could not take more than a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes to preach, and we suppose not much more than that time to prepare. They are evidently framed not for the length, but for the spirit and intention, and doctrine upon the homilies of the Church of England. We have enjoyed the reading of this volume very much, yet we should be very slow to commend it to young preachers, and say, There, go and talk like that. We admire the direct homeliness of the man, but the homeliness lacks affectionateness, tenderness. The subjects selected are many of them new, and not only new in themselves, but are handled in a fresh and pleasant manner. The tone of the preacher is rather that of a haughty master than a sympathising teacher; and we cannot forbear the saying, how frequently Mr. Kingsley seems to us in some of his delineations, noble as they are, just to miss the truth: thus, in the character of Elijah:—

‘How grand he is, on Carmel, throughout that noble chapter which we read last Sunday. There is no fear in him, no doubt in him. The poor wild peasant out of the savage mountains stands up before all Israel, before king, priests, nobles, and people, and speaks and acts as if he, too, were a king; because the Spirit of God is in him: and he is right, and he knows that he is right. And they obey him as if he were a king. Even before the fire comes down from heaven and shows that God is on his side from the first, they obey him. King Ahab himself obeys him, trembles before him.’

‘The tyrant's guilty conscience makes a coward of him; and he quails before the wild man of the mountains, who has not where to lay his head, who stands alone against all the people, though Baal's prophets are four hundred and fifty men, and the prophets of the groves four hundred, and they eat at the queen's table; and he only is left and they seek his life:—yet no man dare touch him, not even the king himself. Such power is there, such strength is there, in being an honest and a God-fearing man.’

‘Yes, my friends, this was the secret of Elijah's power. This is the lesson which Elijah has to teach us. Not to halt between two opinions.’

If a thing be true, to stand up for it; if a thing be right, to do it, whatsoever it may cost us. Make up your minds then, my friends, to be honest men like Elijah the prophet of old.

‘For your own sake, for your neighbour’s sake, and for God’s sake, be honest men.

‘For your own sake. If you want to be respected; if you want to be powerful—and it is good to be powerful sometimes—if God has set you to govern people, whether it be your children and household, your own farm, your own shop, your own estate, your own country or neighbourhood—Do you want to know the great secret of success?—Be honest and brave. Let your word be as good as your thought, and your deed as good as your word. Who is the man who is respected? Who is the man who has influence? The complaisant man—the cringing man—the man who cannot say No, or dare not say No? Not he. The passionate man who loses his temper when anything goes wrong, who swears and scolds, and instead of making others do right, himself does wrong, and lowers himself just when he ought to command respect? My experience is—not he: but the man who says honestly and quietly what he thinks, and does fearlessly and quietly what he knows. People who differ from him will respect him, because he acts up to his principles. When they are in difficulty or trouble, they will go and ask his advice, just because they know they will get an honest answer. They will overlook a little roughness in him; they will excuse his speaking unpleasant truths: because they can trust him, even though he is plain-spoken.

‘For your neighbour’s sake, I say; and again, for your children’s sake; for the sake of all with whom you have to do, be honest and brave. For our children—O my friends, we cannot do a crueller thing by them than to let them see that we are inconsistent. If they hear us say one thing and do another—if, while we preach to them we do not practise ourselves, they will never respect us, and never obey us from love and principle. If they do obey us, it will be only before our faces, and from fear. If they see us doing only what we like, when our backs are turned they will do what they like.

‘And worse will come than their not respecting us—they will learn not to respect God. If they see that we do not respect truth and honesty, they will not respect truth and honesty; and he who does not respect them, does not respect God. They will learn to look on religion as a sham. If we are inconsistent, they will be profane.

‘But some may say—“I have no power; and I want none. I have no people under me for whom I am responsible.”

‘Then, if you think that you need not be honest and brave for your own sake, or for other peoples’ sake, be honest and brave for God’s sake.

‘Do you ask what I mean? I mean this. Recollect that truth belongs to God. That if a thing is true, it is true because God made it so, and not otherwise; and therefore, if you deny truth, you

fight against God. If you are honest, and stand up for truth, you stand up for God, and what God has done.'

It is a great and noble thing to be honest, but there is a deeper lesson even than that in the character of Elijah. It seems to us that of him, in the attempt to make the truth of his text or sermon apprehensible to his audience, Mr. Kingsley is compelled, in consistency with his great determination to make his subject clear, to omit some of his highest teachings. In his books he inspires his readers, bears them along with him, passionately compels them to come with him while he argues, pours along his invective, his sarcasm, his description, even exhausts volumes of learned lore. The difference between the novel and the sermon is quite remarkable. It will be replied to this by some, that the use of this power is quite inconsistent with the purpose of the pulpit. Well, some even of Mr. Kingsley's church—a church not most remarkable for *effective* preachers—have thought otherwise; others may reply, that these Sermons were preached in the country, but some were preached—that we heard—before a large and crowded London congregation. Well, we are compelled to say, if these Sermons do not bear the reader upward, they point him inward; they are clear and pointed appeals to the conscience, and not a hearer can leave the church and say, 'I could not understand him.'

OUR excellent friend *the Rev. J. H. Wilson*, has published a very beautiful little memorial of our late beloved Prince—*The late Prince Albert. Reminiscences of his Life and Character*. (S. W. Partridge.) These sixty-four pages are a pleasant collection of facts about the Prince, especially as he appeared at home in Balmoral; they bring before the reader the beautiful character of the Christian man and gentleman in such a way as to make a suitable book for the readers of Sabbath school libraries. Mr. Wilson we believe, in some of his works of usefulness, had the sympathy and help of the Prince and her Majesty; we do not see that he alludes to this in an obtrusive or unpleasant manner. Mr. Wilson's book is the best of the many memorials our sad bereavement has called forth.

MR. Timbs is a walking Index Review, or a literary Captain Cuttle—'when found make a note on'—he is a most indefatigable notary; his books are books to keep in a select niche of the library, and to those who know how to use them they nearly all have a value, and the material really deserves a classification and arrangement for greater perpetuity and more handy usefulness. This is especially the case with *The Year Book of Facts for 1862. Exhibiting the most Important Discoveries in Science and Art, for the Past Year*. By John Timbs, F. S. A. (Lockwood and Co.) We thank

Mr. Timbs for this annual register; to say that it is interesting would be as superfluous as to say the south wind is warm, or that the sun shines. Yet something depends upon the interest, for such facts already in the mind of the reader. *The School Days of Eminent Men.* By John Timbs, F.S.A., with Illustrations. Second Edition. (Lockwood and Co.), has a rich fertility of fact, anecdote, and human interest. Our judicious and omnivorous compiler does nothing from himself to aid the interest of what he narrates, and we notice some instances in which a few anecdotes were very accessible, and yet have not been introduced, but it is full of charming anecdote; it has not only interest for boys, but a schoolmaster or teacher keeping this book by his side will often find a happy biographic instance, for some wise saw on which he dilates to his young friends. But we have to thank our patient book-worker for his most pleasant book in *Something for Everybody, and a Garland for the Year; a Book for House and Home.* By John Timbs, F.S.A. (Lockwood and Co.) The title is not good enough, or expressive enough for the book; we know not where, in so small a space, a reader could obtain so good an insight into the curiosities of our English domestic life. If, reader, you ever, some spring afternoon, escape from the office early and go for some quiet happy ramble, some lonely walk to a bosky village, put this book in your pocket while you sit there drinking your cup of tea. These are the pages to give vividly to the eye old times and scenes, and the etymologies of good manners; it is in fact a truly pleasant desultory book.

MR. SHEPPERD offers to us another little book full of thoughts to quicken devotion and feelings, to aid the devout. *Words of Life's Last Years, containing Christian Emblems, Metrical Prayers and Sacred Poems, translated from Foreign Writers.* By the author of *Thoughts on Devotion.* (Jackson, Walford and Hodder.) The esteemed author apologises for adding to the number of books in our day by his, when if the bulk of the ancient volume has diminished, the complaint has been made of the endless multitude. The apology was not needed. The lovers of translations from devotional German poetry will find much to their taste here, and the Christian emblems are very happy little contemplations for those who like the refreshment of such thoughts and images as may not only soothe the hour, but make its loneliness or solitude the parent of active piety. We congratulate the venerable and useful author upon the birth in his old age of this very beautiful little 'Benjamin.' It is one of the smallest of his many books; but we see in it the incessant reader, the contemplative spirit, and the divine Christian man.

VERY large, indeed, is the literature of sermons. True, we do not call this volume by that name, but unquestionably they are sermons; we have several volumes of this order lying before us; foremost among them we have a volume by the great pulpit-master, *The Way to*

Life. Sermons. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. (Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.) Only one of these we have had the pleasure to hear, but they have all the copiousness and redundancy of imagery for which he is so remarkable. They will not, perhaps, add to his fame; they certainly will not diminish it. Devoutly read, it will awaken personal thoughts of the obligation of the Christian to his Saviour. Thousands would be disappointed if Dr. Guthrie did not publish words which command so large an acceptance, and images which rivot hearts and thoughts so completely; still, to be known, Dr. Guthrie must be heard. The swing of the body, the deep, almost hoarse voice, the rugged and magnificent brow, crowned with its coronet of iron-grey hair,—to those who have seen or heard the greatest living pulpit-orator in one of his moments of passion, or of inspiration, the present work will be most acceptable. The pulpit of Edinburgh is rich enough—and what other city can boast of a pulpit so rich as Edinburgh?—to give to us a very differently structured volume, intended however for the same class of readers. *Christian Thought and Work.* A series of morning meditations on passages of Scripture, by William Lindsay Alexander, D.D. (Adam and Charles Black). Perhaps many of our readers may find Dr. Alexander more to their taste in the study even, than Dr. Guthrie. These meditations are especially thoughtful; when thoughtfulness enters, it is usually the case that meditation takes her flight: it is a very admirable volume, and will be found an aid to thought by many minds. It is true it belongs to a class of books of which there are many, but we believe readers are many also, and their number is growing in many turns of expression. Dr. Alexander will speak to minds which will be quiet while he speaks, and allow themselves to be spoken to; like most men in whom thought predominates, he does not speak so much in images as in analogies; nature furnishes tools for the logician rather than fuel for the fire of the poet. We would recommend the reader to get both the volume of Dr. Alexander and Dr. Guthrie; the first will give to him his morning, the last his evening meditation.

CONSOLATION. By James Alexander, D.D., New York (Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot), is a book it does the heart good indeed, to read; there is not too much of the effort of rhetoric in its pages, yet it captivates by a very winning grace and felicity of composition. It is an affectionate book, and the reader will feel while he reads that the author is coming very nigh to him; most of the occasions in which the Christian needs the word of consolation are here spoken too; there are many who, beneath these words, may refuse to be comforted, and many laugh at the idea of the consolation which the faith of the New Testament would give, but to thousands, Dr. Alexander's book will be a well of water springing up to everlasting life.

A VERY pretty book is *The Words of the Angels, or their Visits to Earth, and the Messages they Delivered.* By Rudolf Stiers, Author of *the Words of the Risen Saviour.* (Alexander Strahan and Co., Edinburgh). Dr. Stiers' method is well known by all our readers; his entrances into texts are often very fanciful, but then they are often very significant; he dilates usually at great length, but then he dilates very pleasantly. We could have conceived such a subject as that of this book handled very differently, but the writer has been desirous to unite together popular exposition, and in some particulars perhaps, a difficult theme. It is a very pretty book, and if fanciful, still it is really humble and devotional.

A SHORT time since we commended to our readers' attention 'Christ the Light of the World,' by Rudolf Beper, D.D. We are glad to find a second series of Expositions—*Christ the Life of the World: Biblical Studies on the Eleventh to the Twenty-first Chapters of St. John's Gospel.* By Rudolf Beper, D.D. Translated from the German by M. G. Huxtable. (Edinburgh: T. and J. Clark.) As with Dr. Stiers, so here we have occasion to mark a measure of over-refining in the lessons and inferences drawn from sacred words and narratives; but the reader who permits Dr. Beper to be his companion while reading the gospel of grace, will not regret that he has such a teacher; his words overflow with reverence to his Lord; such reverence leads to happy, holy faults, and it gives to every action of his life—to the minutest, and to every movement, to every rustle of his dress, significance and sanctity. While Dr. Beper is sufficiently critical he is far better than critical; and, we believe, that the heartfelt and heartfelt reading of these two volumes would give an unction and tenderness to our ministry which would soon be felt in the pew and do much to revive the flame of love to Christ, in which alone we can look for a happy and triumphant Church.

A BOOK far too well-known to need any introduction, is *The Annals of the English Bible.* By Christopher Anderson, but here is a new and revised edition, Edited by his Nephew, Hugh Anderson. (Jackson and Walford). The book is now a somewhat condensed volume, but is by far the best history of the Book and its story for the shelf of the student. The history of the Bible is the history of the Church. Protestants believe that reverence for it is the thermometer by which the spiritual temperature of the Church may best be known. An eminent Papist, indeed, speaks of it as a bunch of myrrh on the bosom of the Church; but the Church is with the Papist a very narrow corporation. This volume is a wonderful story; it is the story of the adventures of the wonderful testimonies. The book has entered upon quite a new phase of popular history in our

times ; with the more modern history Mr. Anderson does not deal at any length, but we believe a brilliant and tender story will be told in the generations to come, when the book which Tyndal the monk translated, and the book which inspired the monk of Erfurt shall have transcended what many regard as its period of peril, the undermining of the ideological myth, and the sneer of the fearful and persecuting priest. It will, we believe, be long before another writer expends upon the story of the sacred volume the patience Mr. Anderson has expended. We could have been glad to see in the author's plan some elements included we miss ; but the reader must regard the work as the history of the English Bible, as a fact, as a book, and not of the modes of opinion or criticism which have prevailed with reference to it.

WE have lying on our table a number of *Serials for the Fireside*, and we give them a hearty welcome. *The Leisure Hour* and *The Sunday at Home* are, as our readers know, enlarged, and they commend themselves to every Christian household. And *The British Workman*, what a beautiful broad sheet it is ! and here in the completed volume we have a portfolio of Christian art for the Cottage, suggesting fine lessons, and suggesting pleasant conversations by many a fireside. And next we have *Old Jonathan*, very various and striking, another order of taste than *The British Workman* : the wood engravings of the older periodical, *The British Workman*, are unrivalled among our cheap friends ; still *Old Jonathan* has real claims from those who furnish the book-shelves of our cottage literature : it contains many things likely to strike and to stick. We have only noticed one thing to which we can take exception. The portrait of the editor of the publican's paper is scarcely one we should desire to see hung over the cottage mantle-shelf. The public-house is not so beneficial a church to the labouring man that we can commend the editor of its chief organ to his veneration. If, however, the editor of *Old Jonathan* desired to puff Mr. Grant into notice, it certainly might have been done without charging on such men as Newman Hall and Thomas Binney the sin of being the leaders of the inroads and assaults of modern modified infidelity. It is shocking to think that a broad sheet aiming to improve the cottage, should employ that ostensible purpose for the traducing of eminent Christian ministers. As to the subject of the sketch, and the portrait of James Grant, we cordially dislike the man and all his belongings. We have put off at any rate that "old man and all his deeds ;" as a literary man he has written a greater amount of rubbish than perhaps any man of his age. The writer breathes a charitable hope that he may be able to say, when dying, that he has never written "one line which dying he would wish to blot." We dare say the man will brave it out to the last ; but for our part, a more charitable hope is, that dying he may wish that some beneficent being may burn out of sight all that he has ever written.

WE can do no more this month than call attention to the valuable Dictionaries to the Sacred Volume now in course of publication. We have already spoken favourably of the *New Edition of Kitto's Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*. Edited by Dr. W. H. Alexander. (Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.) It will be a truly beautiful and handsome book when completed; the papers, engravings, type, and editorship command heartiest words of hope for a very large sale. We have also received the first four parts of the *Dictionary of the Bible*. Edited by William Smith, L.L.D. (Published by John Murray.) We are glad to see this valuable and imperial book is being reissued in monthly parts; it will be now more easily accessible to students, who will find it easier to command their resources for the monthly than for the voluminous issue. We shall take an early opportunity of noticing the characteristic differences of the two Encyclopædias—he who is able to afford both will not find he has one too many; and whichever of the two the young student purchases, he will be sure to find an able helper to his biblical studies.

A VERY creditable volume, every way regarded, is *The Hallowed Spots of Ancient London*. By Eliza Meteyard (Silverpen.) (Marlborough and Co.) The shrines of London are disappearing one by one, and its memories are becoming myths. Every effort is made to rescue from obscurity the ancient homes and haunts of the worthies; and the scenes and shrines of the deeds of other ages demands our thanks. Many of the illustrations of this volume are very expressive, and the letter-press is instructive, while somewhat too heavy for a volume, the obvious purpose of which seems to be either to attract and to interest than to teach; the title also is scarcely indicative of the nature of the book. The hallowed spots of the volume are indeed the most most hallowed spots, the homes and the graves of martyrs—of the men who dared to stand for freedom, and especially for religious freedom. There are in London other hallowed spots even than these spots hallowed by literature and taste—spots hallowed by virtue and by piety, by science and by poetry. Miss Meteyard will tell us that the visitation and description of these did not come within the intention of her volume. Well, she has produced a very beautiful, and withal a very cheap one—the characters indeed to whom she introduces us meet rather with intellectual than moral appreciation from her pen. Sometimes she does not comprehend the claim of her hero upon the heart, as, when in speaking of Bunyan's preaching, she tells us that on a cold winter's morning as many as twelve hundred persons would assemble together to hear Bunyan preach; and that frequently his audience numbered three thousand, she exclaims, "Such is the power of genius!" It may be true, as Gilfillan has said, that Bunyan set "the creed of Calvin to the genius of Shakspeare," but this will but slightly illus-

trate the cause of his popularity. We most heartily commend the volume to our readers, and especially to those who are bitten by the mania for bicentenary lectures it will be a very acceptable present. At the same time we miss many names and many places which deserve mention; so pleasant a subject would have been more attractive had the author laid out her ground with something more of the artist's skilfulness, and thus produced less a book of mere narrative and compilation. But we only say this because a work so well done, and from the pen of Miss Meteyard, might have been more perfect; it unfortunately appears to have been prepared beneath the pressure of an idea which does not appear in the title-page, while it narrows the scope and makes itself felt in the body of the book. We have already referred to the wood engravings as really very illustrative. We may refer especially to the ground before London was built—Canonbury Tower, Cripplegate Church, De Foe in the Pillory—indeed there are many exquisite little vignettes.

WE must apologise to our excellent friend, Dr. Cooke, for allowing the Second Edition of his *Theiotes* to lie upon our table unnoticed. *The Deity; an Argument on the Existence, Attributes, and Personal Distinctions of the Godhead. By William Cooke, D.D., being the Second Edition of Theiotes, revised and enlarged.* (Hamilton, Adams, and Co.) This is truly a most compact and comprehensive volume, and it exhibits great patience and care in the arrangement and composition; it exhibits also very considerable reading upon the matters referred to in the text; it is an easy book; it is not only a most admirable book for the young man—the youth who is unable to prosecute or who does not desire to prosecute the study of the more metaphysical relations of theology; but those who are determining upon such a course will find it a very clear and lucid introduction to the religious aspects of the science of Natural Theology. Reviewers are expected to find some omissions in every work—the value of their criticism depends upon the difficulty of pleasing them. Some matters in the book we think might have been handled which appears to us to escape mention. In our own day, no doubt the question of the existence of evil in the world is the fixed question; and Dr. Cooke's chapter on the Benevolence of God will scarcely satisfy the illimitable measure of modified Manichæanism, which "sicklies o'er with its pale cast of thought" the mind of the age. This chapter to which we refer is one of the longest in the volume; and while to it every Christian mind will heartily respond, we believe it will fail to produce or even to endorse conviction in any to whom God is unknown. Dr. Cooke might also have availed himself more of the arguments of modern science for the unity of the Being of God—especially in such a book in many ways so admirable and complete. We could have wished that positivism had received more of the able and excellent author's attention. *Sociology*, the philosophy of history and society,

is one of the most overwhelming arguments for the being and providence of God; but the volume deserves, and has our best good word; the style is careful and clear, often very beautiful—a most excellent book for a digest, from a young mind unable as yet to grapple with the hardest thoughts in their more abstract relations. The preparation and the printing of the book are alike in their attraction and even elegant appearance.

THERE is a great need for some such little companion as *Our Principles; or, a Guide to Those Holding or Seeking Fellowship in Congregational Churches. By G. B. Johnson. Second Edition, greatly enlarged.* (Ward and Co.) Just such a book should be in the hands of every member of congregational churches; it is admirably arranged, and the references are most useful. If each of our churches would order a hundred, or five hundred copies of this little tract, for distribution among the members, it would confer a great benefit upon itself.